

WEEKLY

OCTOBER 25, 1954

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## MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

Our original hopes that many people would want to read about sports in the way a weekly magazine could present them have been gratifyingly confirmed by our circulation, now more than 525,000, and growing each week.

We also felt that readers like ours, with an active interest in an active field, would probably do something about what they read in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, if the occasion arose. Recently, several results of what they have done came to my attention—and they are as pleasing to me as it is when you introduce the boy and girl and they get married.

\* \* \*

The first is a sequel to the final paragraph of Budd Schulberg's first column for us, in which he discussed bantamweights. He wrote:

*Instead of cluttering up our rings . . . with the Johnny Gonzaleses, Bobby Dykeses and some of the other stick-and-grab artists, the I.B.C. could do a lot worse than pairing Nate Brooks with the Mexican champion, Raton Macias, and then buck the winner into a world-title fight with Cohen or Sangkitrat.*

The ink was hardly dry on Schulberg's suggestion before the I.B.C. did just that: they scheduled a Brooks-Macias match in Mexico City for September 26. And immediately after the fight, Joe Roberts of I.B.C. sent Schulberg this wire:

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\* \* \*

The brilliant jockey silks in our August 30 issue inspired I. Magnin with an idea for a slightly different kind of promotion. They created a line of sweaters, blouses, and skirts in the jockey silks colors. This marriage, too, was a fruitful one. We hear that Magnin's Los Angeles store tripled its normal sportswear sales the first week the new designs appeared, and their Beverly Hills store turned in a month's worth of business on the second day. Sportswear buyer John Brunelle said: "People didn't phone in; they came in droves. One woman, who saw the crowds surging around the windows the day the new line went in, checked her cab at the curb and came in to buy the whole \$56 set."

\* \* \*

Then Paul Gallico's deftly provocative article on the pleasures of fencing (SI, Sept. 20) scored a touché right in our own editorial department. A member of our staff, foil in hand, lunged straight into a fencing class—and is still an enthusiastic convert. Moreover, the fencing master told him that he was the fifth new student Gallico's article had recruited, which in fencing circles is the same as a tidal wave.

\* \* \*

And finally I learned that the late Grantland Rice's story in our first issue, "Golf's Greatest Putt," had suggested to the Winged Foot Golf Club of Mamaroneck, N.Y., a 25th anniversary replay of the exciting moment on their 18th green, at the exact spot Bobby Jones sank the putt to tie Al Espinosa in the 1929 Open.

*Harry Phillips*



SCHULBERG APPARENTLY HAD A GOOD IDEA



LEFT TO RIGHT: SARAZEN, HARMON, JONES, CALAMITY JANE AND ARMOUR

## PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines



**MRS. NATALIE CHRISTMAN**, 64-year-old Farmington, N.H., grandmother, has been a taxi driver 26 years, built her home by remodeling a chicken coop. This summer she saved up \$525, made it do for a 2,994-mile cycle trip through seven European countries to fulfill a lifelong ambition. Next year she plans a trip to Alaska, this time by car.

**GUY ZIMMERMAN** is world champion horseshoe pitcher for 1934. The Danville, Calif. plumber, who has been pitching shoes seriously for 31 of his 46 years, claims world records for consecutive rings (74), number of rings in 100 competitive pitches (94) and overall tournament record average (88 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), has won 12 California state titles.



**MARY MILLS**, Gulfport, Miss., junior high-school freshman, is queen of Mississippi's amateur golfers at 14. Mary took up the game three years ago under the tutelage of Johnny Revolta, the old pro, and hopes to become a professional herself some day. Her biggest moment to date was an impressive 12 and 11 victory in the finals of the state women's amateur. Mary shot 13 birdies and 12 pars for 25 holes, setting a course record of 67 for 18 holes en route to her triumph at Jackson's Colonial Country Club.



**MRS. JOAN O'SHEA**, pretty 29-year-old native of Berkshire, England, grew up around horses, started galloping them 15 years ago for her father, trainer Harry Whitman. She came to this country in 1951 as one of the few exercise girls on American tracks, though they are common in English racing. Joan loves the hard work and long hours of an exercise rider and has no thoughts of giving it up for a quieter existence. She travels with the Harold Goodwin stable along with her husband, Joe O'Shea, who is assistant trainer for Goodwin horses.

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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

# HOTBOX

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*The Answers:*



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"The Phi Beta Kappa and the All-American usually go further than most college men. As an educator, I may be prejudiced, but I think the key is more valuable. Not the key itself, but the knowledge gained and how to use knowledge. Of course, a man can have both. That's ideal."



**FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN**  
ARCHBISHOP OF  
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"Each year approximately 5,000 persons win their Phi Beta Kappa keys. Collectively, they should go far in life and exert a great influence. But there are only 11 All-Americans each year. They also must be very intelligent. Percentage-wise, it's better to be an All-America, I think."



**CARROLL F. GROSS**  
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"In my business I'd rather have the All-American. His reputation gives him an entrée. Everyone wants to help him. His All-America tag is a valuable sales tool. In today's complicated football, the All-America must have a keen mind to be one of the chosen 11."



**HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE**  
FORMER EDITOR  
NEW YORK WORLD

"Usually, the bigger the bulk, the smaller the brain. But when you get a great player with a big brain, you have the great leader.

I was an All-Western at the age of 16. If someone had offered me an All-America selection for my Phi Beta Kappa key, it would have been a great temptation."





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## CONTENTS

- 13 **SOUNDTRACK** Mr. Johnson . . . The Epizootics . . . And a Bird Dog  
17 **SPECTACLE** Pheasant hunting photographed in COLOR  
21 **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT** As the camera sees it  
69 **SCOREBOARD** and Week's Winners  
71 **COMING EVENTS**

10 **RUSSIA WILL WIN THE 1956 OLYMPICS . . .**

... unless we act now, warns DON CANHAM, Michigan track coach who has studied the Soviet athletes at first hand. With photographs of last week's meet in London by LARRY BURKOWS and a four-page portfolio of Russian stars, IN COLOR

27 **WINNING COMBINATION: AMECHE AND WILLIAMSON**

Wisconsin's coach has come a long way this season by playing the right horse. A word-portrait by BOOTON HERNDON

32 **THE FIRST SCENT OF FOX**

It's cub-hunting time for the Chesare Fox Hounds, the country's best. Described in words by REGINALD WELLS and in photographs by TONI FRISKELL

45 **THE NEW LOOK IN BOWLING**

The pin boys are on their way out, but millions of bowlers are on their way in. A six-page report by VICTOR KALMAN

54 **GAME OF THE WEEK: PENN STATE GETS ITS COMEUPPANCE**

The West Virginia upset of the Nittany Lions is reported by DON A. SCIBANCE and MARK KAUFFMAN. Other sports and Hickman's Hitches on p. 55

57 **CHAMPION DRIVER OF THE TOUGH TRACKS**

Jimmy Bryan clinched the 1954 racing title at Sacramento Sunday. With a review of the AAA season by JOHN BENTLEY

24 **LITTLE MAN, BIG OCEAN**

William Wilkins set out for a 6,000-mile voyage to Samoa on a raft with a cat and a parrot. Wilkins and the cat made it last week

## THE GREAT OUTDOORS!

16 **Pheasants vs. Foes.** A North Dakota conservationist challenges the "Balance of nature" theory. By EDmund GILLIGAN, with four pages of pheasant-hunting photographs IN COLOR and, on pp. 74-75, some recipes for cooking upland birds, prepared by HARRY BOTSFORD

72 **The Fisherman's Calendar.** Compiled by ED ZERN

## THE COLUMNISTS:

29 **Jerome Weidman** learns about betting from his seven-year-old son

66 **Red Smith** reminisces about the great days of Mr. Mack

53 **Herman Hickman** describes General Neyland's astonishing brood

## THE DEPARTMENTS:

2 **Pat on the Back:** Praise for those not already smothered with it

6 **Hotbox:** JIMMY JEMAIL asks: Does All-America or Phi Beta Kappa help a man more?

31 **Under 21:** DUANE DECKER interviews a lady young inventor

38 **A Place to Be:** HORACE SUTTON takes a look at football stadiums IN COLOR

43 **Sporting Look:** The ubiquitous sports jacket IN COLOR

54 **You Should Know:** If you're going to take up hunting

77 **Yesterday:** Illinois was an underdog but there was a fellow named Grange

79 **The 15th Hole:** The readers take over



**COVER:** English Setter—  
A job well done

Photograph by GEORGE SILK

Few sportsmen—or photographers—can resist the expression of pride and accomplishment in the eyes of a good bird dog about to deliver his first prize of the new season. Combining this with the full-plumaged elegance of a Chinese ring-neck pheasant and the matching blaze of October-colored cover, Photographer George Silk here captures the high-point of the hunt for both dog and man.

Acknowledgments on page 88

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## IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

**HERMAN HICKMAN  
SURVEYS FOOTBALL  
AT MIDSEASON**

An evaluation of the conference races from coast to coast, plus SI coverage of five **GAMES OF THE WEEK:** Arkansas vs. Mississippi, Wisconsin vs. Ohio State, Utah vs. Wyoming, Yale vs. Colgate, and California vs. Southern California

**OUR PRETTIEST HORSEWOMEN**  
A gallery of stars IN COLOR with a word-portrait of Josephine Abercrombie and a preview of the National Horse Show

**HOT RODS AT BONNEVILLE**  
A review of the hot rod, stock and midwest seasons with races on the flats, IN COLOR

**BUGLING FOR ELK**  
The Idaho hills are full of music and good hunting. By TED THURMLOON, with photographs IN COLOR

**PLUS: ANOTHER SPORTS-CAR ROAD TEST BY JOHN BENTLEY**

OCTOBER 25, 1954

**SPORTS**  
ILLUSTRATED

# RUSSIA WILL WIN



# THE 1956 OLYMPICS

by DON CANHAM

The Soviets crushed a British team with a juggernaut of athletes at the London-Moscow games last week, despite a brilliant world's record by Chris Chataway (see page 21). Their aim is to do the same to the U.S. at Melbourne. And they will," says Michigan Track Coach Don Canham, who studied the Russians at Bern—unless we wake up to the fact that the U.S.S.R. is waging a cold war in sports

UNLESS America's track prospects take a sudden and decided turn for the better, the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne, Australia will probably spell the end to the United States' long domination of the games. In over half a century of the modern Olympics, no U.S. track and field team has ever known defeat, and only one, in 1920 at Antwerp when Finland and the U.S. tied with 8 events, failed to win. But partly because of American indifference, the amazing record is slipping rapidly into the past. If all goes according to plan—the Russian plan—it is likely that American track athletes two years from now will suffer their first defeat since the modern Olympics were revived in 1896.

Many close track observers in the United States regard this view as too pessimistic. I doubt that the facts support them. Since 1948, the year the Soviets gave up mass-participation sports in favor of developing individual stars, the Russians have made a concerted effort to lead the world in all athletics, but in particular track and field. As Adolf Hitler once strove mightily to win the Berlin Olympics and thus prove the superiority of the Master Race, the Russians today look upon supremacy on the playing fields as solid vindication of their system of government and way of life.

Nothing is being left to chance. At the outset of the new program the head of the Committee on Sport, Nikolai Romanov, was given cabinet status in the government. Vast sums of money are being spent on specialized sport training institutes and there is a system for conscription of top athletes. Those who have done well have won cash awards and stars have sometimes been given pensions and even property. When the Russians were invited to Britain to compete against London athletes, they shipped a track and field juggernaut of champions. Although Chris Chataway stole a lot of their propaganda thunder by beating Vladimir Kuc, the Soviet team won 159 to 89. The victory was hardly surprising—the Russians were pitting a national army against a city's volunteers.

In a word, Russia's amateurs have been made professionals. How far they have gone, we don't know, but a good insight was provided last summer by Henri Tykczynski, a Polish "amateur" boxing champion who fed the Iron Curtain. As an amateur he was required to work only two hours a day during the year, and then a month before a fight he was sent to a training camp on full salary. In Tykczynski's view Soviet amateur athletics were a "farce and a fraud."

At the Helsinki Olympics in 1952, the first test of the



**HANDFUL OF BRITONS AND BRIGADE OF REDS SHOW COLORS AT START OF WHITE CITY TRACK AND FIELD MEET HELD IN LONDON LAST WEEK**

## RUSSIANS WILL WIN *continued*

new sports policy, Russian athletes performed far beyond anybody's expectations, maybe even their own. Over-all, they won 59 medals to 76 for the United States. Of these, 17 were for track and field events against 31 for the Americans.

The remarkable thing about the team at Helsinki is that it is just about half as good as the one that made a shambles of the competition at Bern, Switzerland last August and in London last week. If the Olympic Games were held today, Russia would enter with at least six and possibly seven athletes favored to win, and three of these men would hold world records. In 1952 Russia had only one record holder, and only one regarded as a favorite.

But the Russians, absolutely determined to win, are taking nothing for granted. Gabriel Kozobkoff, the Russian head coach, revealed for the first time in a conversation with me that the Soviets will take 400 athletes to Australia. And long before they embark for the South the entire team will go into training at a special camp on the Afghanistan border where the warm winter weather closely approximates that of the Australian summer.

### BEHIND THE MUSCLE CURTAIN

Track and field is my business, and I am accustomed to seeing fine performances by athletes. The Russians I saw at Bern, however, were a revelation. On a borrowed contestant's identification visa, I roamed at will through the Soviet practice area and locker room, talked with coaches, writers and athletes and watched the Russians before, during and after competition.

Their athletes are deadly serious. At Bern they seldom did anything but concentrate on the work at hand. Noticeably missing was the thrill and satisfaction of a fine performance. When Mikhail Krivonozov smashed the world hammer-throw record, he merely sat down on a bench and pulled a cap over his eyes. He had been given a job to do and he did it—that was all. When Vladimir Kuc was running to his world 5000-meter record, his teammates on the infield scarcely noticed, and none offered encouraging words during the grueling race.

Their coaches have studied every conceivable technique in many countries. When they compete in foreign lands, it is a fact that their movie cameramen often outnumber their coaches. The constant search for information, in fact, was responsible for my meeting the Russian Coach Kozobkoff. One morning, Lenart Strandberg, a Swed-



**RED WOMEN** were as good as male counterparts at London. Here sturdily built V. Rooland heaves javelin 167 feet 10 inches to better British mark by 18 feet.

ish newspaperman and friend, asked if I would meet him in a small outdoor cafe near the stadium. When I arrived he said that Kozobkoff and Vladimir Filin, an assistant, had asked him to arrange a meeting. How the Russians knew that Lenart and I were friends I'll never know. It was even more surprising to me since all week the Russian coaches and athletes were obviously avoiding contact with outsiders. More startling was Kozobkoff's perfect English as he opened the conversation by saying, "We would like certain information on American training methods, and I will answer your questions on our methods."

### INCISIVE QUESTIONS

We talked for more than an hour, and Kozobkoff showed deep concern over Russia's lack of sprinters and jumpers. He asked more than once if Americans didn't have some secrets they were holding back from Europe. Each time I assured him I know of none. He amazed me with his knowledge of styles used by American athletes, and it was clear that his study of pictures taken of our athletes at Helsinki had been thorough. My impres-

sion of both Russian coaches was that they were very competent. Kozobkoff's questions in particular were quite intelligent and technical; his answers to my questions were, however, not always to the point.

The most significant reaction I got from the talks was that Russian athletes train 12 months a year. Their track and field athletes work constantly and, unlike our own amateurs and even professionals, they don't lay off during the noncompetitive season. Kozobkoff also indicated that they felt that strength was more vital than technique, and that Russians go to great lengths to achieve it. From the appearance of their athletes, weight lifting plays an important part in their training program, women as well as men.

As we were about to leave, Kozobkoff hinted the Soviets now realize they are ready to challenge U.S. supremacy in track and field. "We have learned all we can from the Europeans about training," he said. "Now we hope to compete against America for information through competition."

The Russians arrived in Bern 10 days before the other nations for the sole purpose of acclimating themselves.

*continued on page 60*

# SOUNDTRACK

## A SELF-RESPECTING BIRD DOG

## K.U.'s MECHANICAL MARVEL

## MR. JOHNSON AND THE EPIZOOTICS

### Decibels

COLLEGE football, that most flag-kick of sporting organisms, was asleepin' and hoppin' last week with the schizoid energy which seizes it annually in golden October. It was the time of year when there seems to be no rhyme nor reason at all to the far-flung pattern of conflict in the nation's stadiums, when football seems to be played not to determine the best team, but to demonstrate that such a conclusion is completely impossible. U.C.L.A., having been all but stopped (21-20) by Washington a fortnight ago, massacred Stanford 72-0; good old Brown beat Princeton 21-20; Alabama beat Tennessee 27-0; thrice-beaten Pitt lashed Navy 21-19. It was, in a word, a normal year.

► That heavy-eyed and irascible old debbil, Baseball, kept punching at the pillows and yanking at the covers and trying to settle down for a long winter's nap, but sleep refused to come—baseball clubs persisted in shuffling paper and managers all week, and Philadelphia made a last-minute grab and kept the A's just as Kansas City was picking them up to carry them away.

► Basketball yawned and stretched. Hockey yawned and tongued the first loose tooth of the year. Track & Field snored peacefully, whistled a bit and smiled dreamily at a pleasant, far-off tinkle—the sound of thousands of coins being dropped into slotted tin cans by football fans donating much-needed funds to finance the next U.S. Olympic team.

### Bird dog

WHILE pleading *nolo contendere* in the political row over Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson's remarks on unemployment, SI feels duty bound to point out that he has definitely maligned bird dogs, one of which can be seen hard at work on the cover of this issue. The Secretary described them as a type of animal "who'll get out and hunt for food rather than sit on his fanny [like a "kennel-fed" dog] and yell." But no self-respecting bird dog worthy of appearing on the cover of a self-respecting magazine ever eats a bird. He retrieves it politely, and waits for dinner until he gets back to the kennel—where, Mr. Wilson notwithstanding, he is as apt as not to yell like a banshee for his kibbled chow.

### Philadelphia story

IT is difficult to share the view that the Athletics have been really saved with the eleventh-hour purchase of the team by a syndicate of Philadelphia patriots. It certainly seems that baseball would have been better served if the Athletics had been sold to Arnold Johnson of Chicago and moved to baseball-hungry Kansas City. The well-meaning syndicate which bought out Connie Mack for \$604,000, Earle Mack for \$450,000, and included Roy Mack in the purchasing group may have only postponed the rites for the impotent A's.

Meanwhile, the sorely disappointed Arnold Johnson can comfort himself with a rare—if immediately useless—baseball honor. The American League had placed its official approval on him as a man worthy to operate one of its ball clubs. This is a distinction not lightly conferred and it was won by Johnson only after the league had asked some sharp questions about his business connections. Did his part ownership of Yankee Stadium raise a threat of "syndicate" baseball? Did his Chicago hockey interests indicate he



was "fronting" for the Norris hockey and boxing empire? In short, would he be good for baseball? The A.L. decided he would, and so baseball would do well to file a folder on this man the game may be hearing from—and needing—a little later on. A few facts for baseball's file:

Arnold Johnson is 47, tall, robust, dark-haired, a White Sox fan since his boyhood on Chicago's South Side. Married, father of two small children, a boy and a girl, he graduated from the University of Chicago ('28) and served a four-year hitch in the Navy during World War II. Chances are you've done business with him, for Arnold Johnson is—among many other things—the big wheel of a vending-machine empire that annually swallows up \$70 million in nickels and dimes while coughing out hot coffee, milk, candy bars, soft drinks and change for a quarter if you've got it coming.

Johnson is what Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson would call a bird dog. He's got himself more jobs than

you can count (his titles alone include president, director, chairman, treasurer, vice-president), and his companies publish books, operate hotels, sell hotels, buy hotels, play hockey (via the Chicago Black Hawks), own Yankee Stadium and the ball park at Kansas City. But what Johnson likes most is a deal, and the dickering for the Athletics had been right down his alley. Previously, he had made the sports pages with a complicated baseball transaction in which he bought Yankee Stadium and the Kansas City ball park from Dan Topping and Del Webb. Then he sold the land under the Yankee Stadium to the Knights of Columbus who thereupon rented it back to Topping and Webb. Somehow, the three-way \$6,500,000 deal apparently made money for everybody concerned.

And it did more than that. It put another bee in the Johnson bonnet. Now that he owned the Kansas City ball park, he began to think of the town as a major league candidate.

"I was inspired by the success of the Braves in Milwaukee," Johnson says, "and a little investigation convinced me that Kansas City could become an even better baseball town. It's a prosperous, industrious, growing city with a great civic spirit."

Johnson's confidence in Kansas City was equalled only by the town's confidence in him. On the strength of Johnson's bid for the A's, Kansas City voted a bond issue to enlarge the baseball stadium to major league proportions (35,000 seats) and then pledged hundreds of thousands of dollars for tickets to see a ball club that was only a gleam in Johnson's eye.

Last week, seated in his plush, paneled, thickly carpeted office in Chicago's Merchandise Mart, Johnson looked a man big-league baseball could use. Although he appeared completely relaxed and nervous as he twirled his horn-rimmed glasses and chatted easily, a visitor could not fail to get the impression that deep thinking processes were in motion behind the composed Johnson facade. This impression is confirmed by those visitors who take note of the big window in the office. It is so placed as to command a spectacular view of the skyline across the Chicago River. It would, too, except that Johnson has had it frosted over. It is his theory that you don't dream up big deals by staring out of windows.

Baseball may hear again from the man behind the frosted window.

## What football means

ANYONE who was at the Yale football dinner of February, 1951 will be interested to know what ever became of Kilborn Church. They called him "Killer" but he was the least epic football player the Ivy League ever saw—at Yale, anyhow, if not at Harvard.

Well, Church is now a methods supervisor for the Reliance Electric and Engineering Company of Cleveland. He has a wife—a New Haven girl he married two days after graduation—and a boy coming up to two months old. He is 29 and hasn't filled out any, still a skinny man with pipestem legs, 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighing 135 pounds, which is about what he was when he went out for football.

"All I needed," he says today, "was 40 more pounds and I would have been murder."

He carried this idea with him through college, going out for the varsity every fall and never coming close to making it. After a couple of years of that nonsense coaches and players developed a liking for him. They kidded his every awkward move but they also put him in the 1950 Harvard game in his senior year—for two plays—so that he could make his letter.

Came the football dinner in February. It was held in the heavily paneled English Tudor dining rooms of the St. Elmo fraternity house. The varsity, the junior varsity, Head Coach Herman Hekman and about 100 select others were there. Church sat at the head table with the varsity.

Football dinners generally fall into one of two types. The team has had a good season and all the players are in for florid praise, or a bum season and the speeches run on about next year. But in 1950 Yale had won some and lost some and it was all fairly indecisive. No reason to cheer or to weep.

Neither was there any reason to expect that, when players were called on to say a few words, any one of them would utter anything memorable. Church might have been passed over in this speechmaking, but because he was so liked, he was called upon.

"They laughed when I got up," he remembers. "I was supposed to be the clown of the team and they thought this was going to be funny."

About all he had to say, as he recalls it, was to enlarge upon a letter he had received from his uncle, Kortright Church, who had been a Yale tackle in the 1910-11 season. Kilborn's father, Heyliger Church, had been an end on the Yale teams of 1914-16. Now here was Kilborn, Yale '51 and nothing much in football, remembering a family tradition and four years of failure at it and trying to say something rousing about it.

The letter from his uncle, expressing

congratulations that a Church had again won his Y, said, "Football is one of the worthwhile things in life, like your hitch in the Marines." That gave Kilborn a take-off point.

"I know what he meant," he told his ready-to-chuckle audience. "The lesson of football is something one seldom gets from other experiences. Football leaves its mark not only physically but on one's character. It is not natural for a man to run his head into a stone wall, to hurt and be hurt and come back for more . . . [but] it is a way of finding the courage to meet a challenge and come back."

"Life is always a challenge and a struggle, and football seems to be a way of condensing the training for it in a short period. In meeting a challenge, man finds within himself strength and weakness he never before knew."

This was by no means eloquence, but in simple words it fitted the occasion better than anyone had ever done it before at a Yale football dinner. Furthermore, it was a little like when the audience finds that Shakespeare has been putting wise words into the mouth of Henry's fool. The ordinary response to a speech is a burst of applause, fervent or perfunctory but in any case immediate. When Kilborn sat down there was only silence in St. Elmo's, a silence which those who were there remember as so prolonged it seemed to last for minutes. Then there came the applause, a roaring wave of sound. It lasted much longer than the silence. And afterward Kilborn Church was a legend around Yale. They still talk about him there.

## Easel does it

SKIN DIVERS, swimming under the surface of clear, warm, rock-bound coves around the Spanish island of Majorca, have lately been encountering a startling underwater apparition—a painter, perched before an easel at



the bottom of the sea. The artist, a black-haired, 35-year-old Majorcan radio repair man named Jorge Morcay-Gil, began skin diving years ago and developed a passion for submarine photography. A few weeks ago, in an effort to capture the elusive colors of the depths more accurately, he began waterproofing canvases with linseed oil and painting below the surface. He wears flippers and an Aqua-lung, uses an easel weighted with ten pounds of lead, fastens his brushes to his bathing suit to keep them from floating away when they are not in use and carries a knife (with which he recently stabbed an inquisitive octopus) strapped to one

leg. He is the soul of hospitality when a fellow skin diver glides near, and invariably nods and invites inspection of his work. Nevertheless, the sight of him, bubbling away, palette in hand, amid a school of noisy fish, tends to unnerve casual passers-by. "He scared the hell out of me the first time I saw him," said one skin diver. "I looked at him painting all right when he waved me over, but I swam right ashore and had a drink."

## Bean of Maine

THERE are times when a man may burnish his soul by fighting progress tooth and nail—ah, for the day when it was fashionable to stifle a telephone by ripping the damnable thing off the wall and heaving it through the window, amidst an ecstasie tinkling of glass. If L. L. Bean of Freeport, Maine is not a stout, white-haired old gent who wears black asten sleeve guards and steel-rimmed spectacles, keeps his money in a wooden drawer and has a few skunk and muskrat pelts drying in the back room, he should be, and the world would do well to ignore all contrary evidence.

The L. L. Bean Catalog, which L. L. Bean has been mailing out to hunters and fishermen ever since 1902, contains, it is true, disquieting suggestions that modern efficiency, and perhaps even electric lights, have crept into his establishment. "We are located," reads the issue for fall, 1954, "19 miles east of Portland on U.S. 1 Business Highway. Plenty of free parking near salesroom entrance." Parking! Obviously a typographical error. The catalog is a fascinating work. Because its prose contains innumerable clues to the character of L. L. Bean. He does not sound like a man who would permit horseless carriages to stink up his store.

There is obviously little nonsense about him. Of Bean's 1954 Maine Hunting Shoe the catalog says, "The Maine Hunting Shoe was developed in 1914 by Mr. Bean. He returned from hunting wearing a pair of all-leather woodsman shoes, the type in common use in 1914, with sore feet. As a result of this experience, Mr. Bean developed the Maine Hunting Shoe—a leather top with rubber bottom. The average hunting shoe weighs about four ounces more than ours. As big-game hunters walk about seven miles (or 18,480 steps) a day they lift 2,310 pounds more than necessary." No false modesty creeps in. Of Bean's Combination Compass, Match Case and Whistle, it says, "The whistle is loud enough to be heard a long distance."

The page devoted to Bean's Improved Double L Fly Rod Outfit, however, seems to present the proprietor. "Our improved L fly rod (\$18.80 postpaid) is one of the finest rods we have ever offered," it says, in part. "With this



rod Mr. Bean landed an 18-pound Atlantic Salmon while fishing on the Tobique River, New Brunswick.

Obviously Mr. Bean spent little time disposing of that Atlantic Salmon. He simply waded (stiffly but sturdily) out into some handy pool with a set of Bean's Over-the-Shoe Boots (with chain treadsole, \$12.55) yanked up over his rusty business suit, made a few false casts with a Bean L.L. fly line (Sizes C and D, \$2.35) and then, face thoughtful, high starched collar gleaming in the sun, let his fly settle softly on the water.

The 18-pound Atlantic Salmon in question struck instantly, doubtless aware that Mr. Bean is a busy man, made a few accommodating runs and came splashing to the net—which, of course, was wielded by a small boy of Mr. Bean's acquaintance. "Get him, Bub!" asked Mr. Bean. Then, ascertaining that the fish was indeed captured, he added, absently, "You can have him—take him home for dinner." He was already wading ashore. "This rod," he said thoughtfully, acquainting with satisfaction at its high-grade Tonkin cane construction, "will do for the L.L. Bean Catalog."

## Current joke

**JOHNNY:** What is an atheist, Pop?

**POP:** An atheist is a man who doesn't care who wins the Notre Dame-S.M.U. game.

## Epizootic, stay home

**I**N ALL but four English counties, in every Welsh county, in 21 Scottish counties, rabbits are dying of myxomatosis—just as they have died in the past few years in Australia, France, Belgium, Spain, The Netherlands and Germany. Man, trifling with the balance of nature, has stirred up another fuss and he doesn't know what to do about it.

Myxomatosis was introduced into Australia in an effort to control that country's scourge of rabbits, which were introduced there for what must have seemed an adequate reason. The myxomatosis worked fine. Rabbits died by the millions, the grass grew greener, the sheep grew fat and produced more wool per sheep.

A couple of years ago an octogenarian French professor, Paul Armand-Delille, decided to get rid of rabbit pests in his garden. A Swiss scientist friend sent him some myxomatosis virus, the professor sickened a couple of rabbits with it and pretty soon Europe was going through a zoological version of the Black Death.

English farmers think of the rabbit as a pest, too, and pretty soon infected rabbits were being black-marketed in England for as much as five pounds per sick rabbit. Clergymen denounced the practice as un-Christian, because

the rabbits die in agony, but their influence was not noticeably strong.

The rabbit is not a pest to everyone. Those who follow beagling admire the rabbit, and many shotguns regard him as sporting quarry. Now the beaglers of America, particularly, are worried that myxomatosis may cross the Atlantic. A shotgunsman can shoot almost anything, but a beagler needs his rabbit.

Myxomatosis need not be introduced to a country deliberately, as in Europe and Australia, the beaglers say. It would be a very simple matter, apparently, for some tourist to take his car to Europe, run over a diseased rabbit and bring back the virus on the tires. Or he could pick it up on his shoes.

So the beaglers watch, wait and pray. There is a ray of hope from Australia, however. Surviving rabbits appear to be breeding a strain resistant to the disease. If so, beaglers may relax. All they need do, should myxomatosis strike, is import a few resistant Australians and let the rabbit's natural proficiency take over.

## The mechanical man

**L**AST SPRING the University of Kansas hired a high school coach to guide its Big Seven football team. He was Chuck Mather, who has a prep school record of 111 victories against 18 defeats and five ties. He coached Washington High of Massillon, Ohio to 57 victories in 60 games, and six championships in the last six years.

Any helmsman with a record like that must have a "system." Mather's centers around two electronic gadgets—a closed-circuit television receiver on the bench and an IBM machine. The sideline TV set gives him and his staff a better look at the swirl of action than the bench position allows. But it's the garnishment of IBM index cards to rate his athletes and to determine who plays what position when that made Mather (often referred to as the Mechanical

Man of Massillon) shape up as the most formidable figure to invade big-time football this season.

He discovered in prep school coaching that in order to achieve victory in any single game it is necessary that his players end up with punched cards showing a minimum of 60 percent correct technique and execution.

In practice and during games K.U. players, giving their all as the Mechanical Age came to the banks of the Kaw, are graded up to five points on technique and five on execution for every football fundamental. Under blocking technique, for example, Mather has 1) Stance; 2) Moving on the count; 3) Lunge to block; 4) Position to contact; and 5) Contact. Under blocking execution 1) Throw a block; 2) Good attempt; 3) Get some contact; 4) Run over opponent; 5) Take Two. Each type of block has a code number, as have the various types of running, faking, passing, receiving and tackling maneuvers.

Under line and backfield defensive actions there are 31 code numbers and an equal number of subdivisions. Bonus points, up to five, can be awarded for the degree and intensity with which a given play is carried out by the player.

Since the average game has about 150 plays, Mather uses about 150 cards for each player. This comes to about 1,650 index cards per game or, over a 10-game season, some 16,500 cards. He also uses 150 cards per game for scouting statistics. The end result of this bizarre system is a huge tabulation sheet in triplicate which provides the formula for Saturday's strategy, according to the gospel of mathematics.

And what has all this meant to good old K.U. this year? Read the scores: Texas Christian 27-K.U. 6; U.C.L.A. 32-K.U. 7; Colorado 27-K.U. 0; Iowa State 33-K.U. 6; and Oklahoma 65-K.U. 0.

Pondering the world of cybernetics last week, Coach Mather said: "You gotta have football players to win."



"First it's the alibi, now the Majestic Personal Loan Company is after my scalp."

# THE FOXES THAT NEVER EAT PHEASANTS

Professional game managers have made much of the theory that foxes are no threat to pheasants. Now a unique survey by authorities in North Dakota indicates that the contrary is true

by EDMUND GILLIGAN

It will come as no surprise to hunters that there are among us game-department men who believe a fox will not eat a pheasant or a clutch of pheasant eggs. As for a plump grouse or duck, these dainties supposedly have been removed from the fox's list of groceries too. All that mankind has painfully learned about the fox in the generations since fox hunting began has been set aside as foolishness.

Instead of being known as a skilled stalker of game birds and rabbits, the fox has become, in our minds, an invaluable ally of mankind, devoted to destruction of field mice only. Even in the depths of winter the gallant mouser prefers to scratch through snow and frozen ground to snap at a sleepy mouse.

This is the modern fable of the fox. It makes no difference that the story

runs against the ancient truths that are the basis of such folklore as Mother Goose. The experts on game have apparently dreamed it up for a canny purpose. Knowingly or not, they are committed to a policy of "controlled game scarcity." The game-scarcity motive rests on the cynical ground that once predators are controlled there will be lots of game. This in turn means there would be no more costly game boondoggling surveys, and less money available for well-paid sinecures.

## NONSENSE ABOUT FOXES

And so they have preached nonsense about the fox from all sorts of pulpits: from federal and state offices, rod-and-gun columns in newspapers, and the outdoor magazines. Their sermons have cast such doubt in sportsmen's minds that there were no protests when professional game managers in New York and elsewhere actually spent several hundred thousand dollars on federal-approved projects concerning the fox—surveys supposed to answer questions like: "What is the relationship between the fox and the pheasant?" and "What is the best habitat for pheasants?"

These questions were answered long, long ago. The Romans carried a breed of pheasant to Britain. They knew the best habitat: a fox-free meadow. As for the question of relationship, it comes down to this—will a fox eat a pheasant?

It is hard for me to admit that I was one of the gunners that fell for this craftiness a long time ago. I even re-



fused to accept the evidence of my own eyes after the pheasants vanished from wonderful cover on and near my farm in Ulster County, N.Y. When I told a state expert that I had seen a red fox carrying a cock pheasant down my orchard lane, I was scolded for even thinking such a thing.

"You crippled the bird and the fox just picked it up."

When I protested that my Labrador, Hot Toddy, had never missed a cripple, I was told that I had too much faith in the breed.

The final and conclusive evidence came the next season when I had listened in vain for the crowing of my pheasant cocks. In desperation I decided to buy some birds and went to a pheasant breeder whose farm lay within the limits of the city of Kingston in the Hudson Valley. When I told him my story he said it would be a useless

*continued on page 73*



## SPECTACLE

## PHEASANTS RISING

Millions of hunters like those shown in color on the following pages are in the field this fall in quest of America's favorite game bird. The season opened Oct. 1 in Maine, does not begin until Nov. 21 in California. J. Baxter Gardner of Hastings, N.Y. (opposite) is having an experience common to most hunters—holding fire when a hen hunts cover. As usual, hens are protected, and as usual there are too many of them.





The most tense moment in pheasant hunting is shown in this tableau as a cock pheasant goes all out against an autumn sky and the dog



breaks point. At this moment the gunners face the supreme test of discipline, for a shot at such short distance would ruin it for the table

and camera



The inner reward of good teamwork is written on the happy faces of Fred Armstrong of Anoka, Minn. and his dog after a shooting

Robert Thomas Knapik from Camera Club

## THE BIG SURPRISE

IT WAS OBVIOUS from the outset that the highly publicized London-Moscow track meet, held under lights at White City Stadium one night last week, could end only in crushing victory for the Soviet invaders. Theoretically at least, all of the U.S.S.R.'s state-subsidized career athletes are residents of Moscow; London had only amateurs living within the city, and not even the best of them (since Miler Roger Bannister has retired for the season) to pit against this Olympic Games might. But all of England fairly quivered to see the struggle—45,000 people jammed the stadium and 10 million people tuned in to watch on television.

Part of the interest, of course, was simple curiosity about the blue-clad Soviet juggernaut, the first Russian track team to compete in England since 1878. But England also nursed a hope, so strong in some cases as to lead scores of fans into the un-British trick of sneaking over the fence to get in. "I've just got," said one of these desperately, as his stranded wife cursed him from the other side, "to see Chataway (right) run." Red-headed Chris Chataway had paced both Bannister and John Landy to their world-record miles. He had beaten the phenomenal Czech runner Emil Zatopek in the 5,000 meter event of the European games—only to push an unknown Russian sailor named Vladimir Kuc on to victory and a world record. But now England thought Chataway's night had come.

It had. Kuc, undoubtedly aware that his red-headed foe (an executive of the Guinness Stout Co.) had not had his unlimited opportunities for training, slipped into the lead at the gun and set a blazing pace. Chataway fell in, exactly one stride behind. They ran as though tied together for a mile. Then Kuc, with a prodigious expenditure of energy, began trying to kill his rival off. He sprinted alarmingly for 100 yards. Chataway sprinted with him. Kuc tried it again and again—in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth laps. Chataway never left his heels.



**SPOTLIGHT** glared down on England's Chris Chataway as he made final lunge to beat Vladimir Kuc of Russia by half-step in record-smashing 5,000-meter duel.

"It was the most extravagant race I have ever run," Chataway said when it was over. "Each time he sprinted I thought it was for the last time. But it wasn't. I had no idea he was so difficult to beat." But at the end of two miles Chataway was still exactly one stride behind—and the stadium was in bedlam. He was still there at the bell for the final quarter mile. Searchlights atop the stadium picked the two men up and followed them—still running in perfect

tandem. Then, 50 yards from home, Chataway made his move, gained, inch by agonizing inch, and hit the tape amid an hysterical uproar, one half stride in the lead. His time: 13:51.6, a new world record.

When the meet was over the two teams met for a banquet at the Dorchester Hotel and the casual Chataway horrified the joyless Russians all over again; he leaned back after dessert and lighted a big, black cigar.



**FASTEST FIVE MINUTES** seen at the Forum in recent years produced a Canadian drive that came very close to pulling out the game. Trailing 3-1 with only seven minutes left to play, Maurice (Rocket) Richard, high-scoring demigod of the Montreal

team, barreled down the ice. Hurling himself toward the Detroit goal, he took a pass from Doug Harvey and slapped the puck into the net before skidding full tilt into a tangle of players that included bewildered goalie Terry Sawchuk. As the red scoring



**ROUGH STUFF** by Leswick (8) left Montreal's goalie Jacques Plante stretched on the ice with a nasty cut across the bridge of his nose. Plante recovered and stayed in the goal for all but the last minute of the game. Leswick, who seemed to be in the



thick of every rhubarb (top right), also came back to get in a few more licks; but Montreal, handcuffed by roughing penalties of its own, saw two of the Detroit goals scored while offending Canadiens sat helplessly in the penalty box. High scorer for the



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RY PERKIN

## STICKS FLY, TEMPERS FLARE

**WITH THE SEASON** only a week old, the National Hockey League's top contenders—Detroit Red Wings and Montreal Canadiens—fought with the bitterness of

Stanley Cup finalists. High-sticking, roughing, and general rowdiness added up to 10 penalties and a 3-2 Detroit win before 14,518 whooping spectators at Montreal.



Light flashed, the Rocket rose to his knees (above), and joined his stick-waving teammate Bert Olmstead in yell of triumph.



night: Detroit's Gordie Howe, who scored one goal and made two assists to give him leg up in perennial race with Richard.



**LOOMING GIANT** Bud MacPherson (top) of Montreal abandoned stick to make an exasperated lunge for Tony Leewick, Detroit's scrappy forward. Leewick managed to hustle

out of harm's way. Then teammate Bob Goldham (above) stopped a Montreal thrust by ducking underneath Bert Olmstead and hoisting him away from the pack.



FOR COMPANY ON HIS 6,000-MILE RAFT ADVENTURE ACROSS THE PACIFIC, WILLIAM WILLIS TOOK ALONG A PARROT AND A CAT

## BIG OCEAN, LITTLE MAN

*Once in a while you find yourself in an odd situation. You get into it by degrees and in the most natural way but, when you are right in the midst of it, you are suddenly astonished and ask yourself how in the world it all came about.*

—Thor Heyerdahl, *Kon-Tiki*

**FROM FAR-AWAY** Pago Pago last week suddenly came the news that a raft bearing a man named William Willis was approaching Samoa. It had been so long since anybody had heard anything from William Willis that the rest of the world, quite frankly, was hard put to remember how he happened to be in such an odd situation.

Willis, a 61-year-old adventurer, had set out on his log raft last June 22 from Callao, Peru, to ride the Pacific currents 6,000 miles to Samoa. This seemed a needless venture to many,

since in 1947 Thor Heyerdahl and his bold *Kon-Tiki* crew had already proved the worth of such craft by sailing 4,300 miles over the same course.

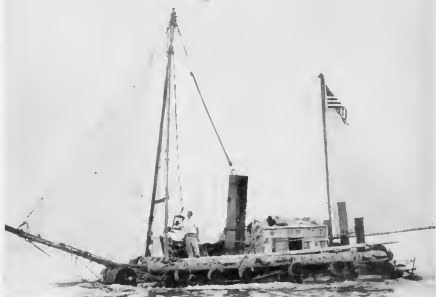
But for Willis, a German-born New Yorker who has spent 45 restless years as farmer, sailor, hobo and minor poet, *Kon-Tiki* served only as inspiration. "I am an adventurous type," he told disbelievers. On his trip, moreover, he would be testing the nutritive value of a Peruvian grain, which, legend says, gave ancient Inca warriors an added vitamin wallop on the eve of battle. He also planned to write a book. But most important, while six men had sailed on *Kon-Tiki*, Willis set out alone on his smaller, 35-foot raft with only a parrot and a cat "to prove that solitary man can conquer an ocean."

In the Ecuadorian forests, Willis hand-picked seven large balsa trees for

his raft. He was careful to take male rather than female trees, since their water-resistance is greater. In honor of this all-male log base he christened his raft, oddly, the *Seven Little Sisters*. He packed aboard fish lines and six-month rations for man, cat and parrot.

As Willis was towed away from Callao, a small crowd cheerily wished him luck, but among themselves grimly pondered the worst. Was the raft too frail? Was not this man mad? When food gave out, who would eat whom first? Would the cat eat the parrot, or the man the cat?

Cut loose 60 miles out, Willis' raft slipped northwestward on the cold Humboldt current. Then for 115 days he saw little but sky and sea and heard nothing but wind, the hiss of water and an occasional staccato burst of Spanish from his parrot.



HIS RAFT, LIKE THE KON-TIKI, WAS MODELED AFTER THOSE WHICH EARLY PERUVIANS HAD USED ON THE PACIFIC FOR CENTURIES

On the sixth day radio men picked up his call letters and a cryptic word, "Adelante" [onward]. Thereafter, through burning days and drenching equatorial rains, Willis ignored the land world. He snatched half-hour naps, fished and wrote. There was alarm ashore at his silence, but his wife Tess remained calm. His radio worked full

range only on automatic S O S, and Husband Willis had told her, "I'll never send S O S. I'll try to help myself."

And Willis did, keeping his troubles to himself. Three weeks out his stove failed and he subsisted on raw gruel and fish marinated in lemon juice. Playing a five-foot shark, he fell overboard, but luckily grabbed a trailing

line. With more than 2,000 miles yet to go, the water leaked out of his rusted cans. Willis sipped salt water, trapped rain water and sucked more out of raw dolphin flesh. Then, with Samoa only three days away, as if belatedly seized by the desperate state of things, the cat ate the parrot.

To the Samoans cheering him when finally he stepped ashore, Willis said, "It was a nightmare, and a beautiful dream."



**WILLIS' ROUTE** roughly follows the earlier voyage of the Kon-Tiki. At first he was swept northwestward by the Humboldt Current, then westward by the South Equatorial Current and the prevailing easterly trade winds. The larger Kon-Tiki, averaging 42½ miles daily, on its 101st day grounded on a reef in the Tuamotu Archipelago. Averaging over 50 miles a day, sighting land only once dimly, in 115 days Willis sailed 1,700 miles farther to Samoa.



**DEAD MOOSE** hung limply from block and tackle while happy hunter Harry Lamb of Dayton, Ohio (plaid shirt) got a proud and steady grip on one horn of his trophy. The moose, seven feet tall when it stood on its own four feet and weighing a hefty 1,800

pounds, was far more cooperative dead than alive. In actual encounter in northern Ontario woods, Lamb's first bullet caught moose in leg, but failed to slow it down. Second shot stopped charging bull only 20 yards from hunter.



**MULE DEER** hanging on rack at Bend, Oregon were opening-day bag for local hunters—including Photographer Bill Van Allen (second from left) who set camera on stump and scurried back with rifle to get into the act with fellow sportsmen.



**BUFFALO HUNT** on Pennsylvania game preserve wound up with one-shot kill by Cal Abrams (left), star outfielder for Baltimore Orioles. Other hunters: Umpire Jim Honanick, County Commissioner Elmer Shellhammer, A's outfielder Elmer Valo.



PENCIL-SLIM COACH "IVY" WILLIAMSON IS THE MAN BEHIND WISCONSIN'S YARD-WIDE (WITH SHOULDER PADS) FULLBACK AMECHE

## IVY PLAYS THE RIGHT HORSE

by **BOOTON HERNDON**  
MADISON, WIS.

**B**ACK when everybody in the Big Ten was kicking us around," recalls Uncle Ed Schmitz, a Madison merchant who attended the University of Wisconsin for over a month in 1911 and who is now the chief fund raiser for the football team, "what few people as came to the game at all would pack their lunch at home, get there in time for the game, and leave right after it. Now they come in the night before and they don't go home 'til Sunday. Now, when Wisconsin plays at home, I put on seven extra clerks Saturday morning. Seven of 'em. I love a good game, but I'm mercenary too."

Football at Wisconsin supports more

than Uncle Ed's seven extra clerks. Football took in \$517,447.96 of the \$729,921 Wisconsin total athletic take last year. Basketball is the only other sport that pays for itself at Wisconsin; it is football that carries the 13-sport program. Football will pay for the new \$1,500,000 field house, football uniforms, the 180-piece band and sends the Crew to California. With twelve straight sellouts in a row and more to come, with a team undefeated in four starts for the first time since 1927 (only look out for Ohio State this Saturday) everybody is happy at Wisconsin.

This success is based on a winning combination of two incongruous ele-

ments. One is the tall, agonizingly shy head coach, Ivan B. Williamson, a living contradiction to Dale Carnegie. The other is a likable kid, born Lino Dante Amici, who now receives mail addressed to The Horse, Wisconsin.

Al Ameche, as he is known to most people, is a 6-foot, 210-pound fullback, 21 years old. Red Sanders, the U.C.L.A. coach, says that Ameche is a stronger runner than Bronko Nagurski. Eero Sarkkinen, the Ohio State scout who has studied Ameche three games a year for four years, says: "Ameche is the greatest fullback on the North American continent today. He is powerful, he's shifty, and he's fast and he's all of them all of the time. He's big, too, but he doesn't need to be. Not with that heart."

Against Rice, a fortnight ago, Ameche was the real old-time line-smashing fullback. Against Purdue last Saturday, he showed his shiftiness and speed. The Badgers had a skinny one-point lead, with the ball deep in their own territory. Ameche got it on a pitch-out, and took out around end. Now shifting, now turning, knees flailing, he skirted the end and turned on the speed. He made 26 yards. And now Wisconsin sparked and down the field the red team went. Ameche plunged five yards for the score. Purdue began throwing the ball around in desperation, and Billy Lowe intercepted and ran 98 yards for a touchdown. It was Wisconsin again, 20-6.

Off the field, slopping around the

WISCONSINE COMBINATION INCLUDES AMECHE, WIFE YVONNE, SONS BRIAN AND ALAN



campus on his slow feet, Ameche is a big, amiable, intelligent, hard working young man of good character and surprising sensitivity. He is married to his childhood sweetheart, and they have two children. He is living in a fog these days, because the demands on the nation's No. 1 Football Hero are constant and harassing. "The only time we're together is when somebody's taking our picture," his wife, Yvonne, says.

#### THE UNWRITTEN CARD

Ameche tries hard to be a level-headed normal citizen. On Yvonne's birthday, two days before the Purdue game, he got up early and gave the baby its bottle. He was going to write something sweet on a birthday card, too, only the phone rang. Yvonne found her card, together with Al's pen, in the bathroom after he had rushed off late to class. She cried a little bit because he had tried.

Ameche has been on top of the world for six years. He got more publicity as an all-state high school halfback than any other member of the Wisconsin varsity gets now. As a freshman he used to come in at night to find coeds sitting on his doorstep.

Ameche takes his publicity in stride. He has spent hours on the weights, developing those big shoulders, hours running in soft sand to add power to those speedy legs, hours on the practice field, working on blocking, on defense. "After all that I should get a swelled head and kill my own self off?" he asked. "You think I'm nuts?"

The Wisconsin players do not resent Ameche's stardom. "Al is the most popular man on the team," Captain Gary Messner says. "He makes our own jobs easier. You can block a man a lot better when he's looking at somebody else."

Ameche came to Wisconsin in 1951, when freshmen were eligible in the Big Ten. He played in a junior varsity game against Iowa, on a Friday after-

noon, hammered the line as usual, and broke away for a couple of nice long runs. He was pulled out of the game and sent immediately to the varsity. Next day he played against Marquette. That season, an eighteen-year-old freshman, he set a new record for the Big Ten, carrying the ball 147 times for 774 yards, an average of 5.3. Next year, as a sophomore, he was All-Conference. Wisconsin lost to Southern California in the Rose Bowl, but Ameche was outstanding. He carried the ball 28 times and made 133 yards.

Al grew up in a house in Kenosha surrounded by a freight yard, a junk yard and a coal yard, but it was always spotless and Al was always clean and neat. He was the younger of two boys, the baby of the family. Al's mother is named Mrs. August Ameche, his father is named Mr. Augusto Amici. "The old man is pretty hard-headed, he won't change his name," Al says. Ameche isn't absolutely sure about his own name. He knows that his first name is Alan, because he and his brother went to the federal building in Kenosha together and, for 50¢ apiece, turned Lino into Lynn and Lino into Alan. (Lynn thought up both names.) Whether his name is officially Amici or Ameche is something that Al never thought about before; he intends to ask Lynn about it.

Lynn is five years older than Al, and his hero. Lynn started Al out in football, talked his parents into letting him play. Lynn also introduced him to music, nursing him along with Tschai-kowsky's piano concerto and Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody* until he could feel his own way into Beethoven and Franck.

And this was why Al went to Wisconsin. He could have gone anywhere, but the choice settled down between Notre Dame and the State U. All that was involved at both schools was a free education—nobody has ever offered him a convertible. Frank Leahy visit-

ed his home and won his mother over. Leahy also got Don Ameche, the actor, to call Al long distance from Hollywood. It was the first time the well-known voice of his second cousin had been directed to Al personally, but he wasn't impressed. Yvonne wanted him to go to Notre Dame, too. There were no coeds there. Notre Dame finally agreed to take Al and two of his high school teammates. Wisconsin agreed to take seven, and Al went to Madison.

"But that isn't the real reason he went," Yvonne says. "When we were sophomores in high school Lino spent a weekend in Madison, visiting his brother. He came straight to my house as soon as he got back to Kenosha. He had on a white shirt and a red tie and he looked awful cute. He told me that the Wisconsin campus was the most beautiful place he had ever seen and that the Wisconsin song was the most beautiful he had ever heard. He sang it for me, from beginning to end. But what really got him was the music room. He said they had every phonograph record in the world there, and you could play them as loud as you wanted to. Lino was sold on Wisconsin from that day on."

#### THE 22 PHONE CALLS

Yvonne visited Madison one weekend, late in his first season after Al had become The Horse. Waiting for him in the dormitory parlor she heard the phone ring eleven different times, and eleven different coeds wanted to speak to Al-an. Ameche never had a chance after that. Yvonne and Lino were married in his sophomore year, when both were nineteen. They had been going steady since the ninth grade.

They live in a nice little house in a diaper village outside of Madison. Al drives a 1951 Ford bought second-hand. He has no money in the bank. He pays no income tax. He now owns three albums, but he still doesn't

*continued on page 56*

AT START OF PLAY THAT PROVED TURNING POINT IN PURDUE GAME LAST SATURDAY, AMECHE (35) SHIRTS LEFT END INTO CLEAR



## A DOLLAR ON DARTMOUTH

Father Weidman, a larcenous lover of long shots, learns a thing or two from seven-year-old John, to wit: lay your money on the line and let the odds go hang

by JEROME WEIDMAN

**M**ost human beings have a larcenous streak in their make-up. If the streak is wide, they grow rich or go to prison, sometimes both. If the streak is narrow, they play long shots.

As far as I am concerned there is no other sensible explanation for a presumably rational person making a bet on anything when the odds are a hundred or more to one. The fact that an astonishing number of such bets are made every day merely proves my point: the desire to get something for nothing, or a lot for a little, is as common as dandruff.

People who possess this narrow streak, I have noticed, have a good deal of difficulty with simple arithmetic. They have trouble balancing their check books, helping their children with long division, and figuring out their share of the bill in a restaurant where they have gone Dutch with somebody. When anybody tries to explain to them how betting odds are arrived at, they get the sort of look in their eyes that is common to people who stagger out of a movie theater into the late afternoon sun after seeing a double feature. I know all about this. I am one of these people.

I number among my close friends a first-rate mathematician with a fine gift for clarity of expression. In phrases so simple and forceful that they would elicit the admiration of Dean Swift, he has through the years explained to me over and over again why, when I bet on a hundred to one shot, I am almost literally throwing my money away. His forceful phrases, like his invincible logic, accomplish nothing.

I leave his well-intentioned lecture



and always return, like the drunkard to his bottle, to the backing of long shots. I do not consider this an indication of a lack of character on my part, or even a contempt for the law of

probabilities. I have as much character as the next fellow (whose identity we won't go into here), and I have a healthy respect for all laws.

But I have in my day seen enough apple carts lying on their sides to convince me that when it comes to betting—as in the case of another, and in some respects allied, human activity, namely, love—the most reliable guide is neither the statistical table nor the hot tip, but your own heart.

One Saturday last fall, for example, I drove up to New Haven with my two young sons to see Yale play Dartmouth. My sons had never before been to a college football game. They were properly excited by all the things that should excite boys aged seven and eight: the size of the crowd and the hot dogs, the color of the pennants and the faces of the old grads, the antics of



the cheer leaders and the blare of the bands. Soon after we were settled in our seats, a half hour before the game began, I noticed that my youngest son John appeared to have lost interest in the colorful spectacle taking place on the field. He was completely absorbed by the conversation of two men sitting directly in front of us.

After a moment or two of eavesdropping, I learned that they were in the midst of making a bet on the game and were rather heatedly discussing the odds. It was the sort of discussion that normally would bore me stiff. Yale was heavily favored to win. But not so heavily that a man with a larcenous addiction to long shots could find anything interesting in the odds.

After much argument, during which the Yale marchers on the field spelled out with their bodies a beautiful Y, the two men settled the terms of their bet. The man in the camel's hair coat, who was betting on Yale, spotted the man in the Tyrolean hat 13 points, and gave him three-to-one. I heaved a mental sigh of relief and turned back to see

how skillful the Dartmouth boys would be in spelling out their human D.

I never found out, because at this moment my son John leaned forward and, with that curious mixture of shyness and brashness that only a very small boy can achieve, tapped the shoulder of the man in the camel's hair coat. The man turned.

"You want to bet me?" John said timidly.

The man stared at him in astonishment. So did I. To the best of my



knowledge, John had never in his seven years made a bet on anything. Certainly not with total strangers. The man started to grin.

"Who you for?" he said.

"Dartmouth," John said.

This, too, was news to me. Until that morning, when I had explained before we left the house who would be playing in the game we were about to see, neither of my sons had ever heard of either Yale or Dartmouth. Why should they? I am a C.C.N.Y. man myself. The man's grin grew wider.

"How much you want to bet?" he said.

"A dollar," John said, and he astonished me further by pulling a crumpled dollar bill from his pocket. "Here."

"That's a lot of money," the man said. "Where'd you get it?"

"I saved it from my birthday," John said.

"Maybe you better ask your daddy first," the man said. "He may not want you to lose that much money."

"I won't lose," John said.

The man's eyebrows went up.

"You never can tell," he said.

"I won't lose," John said.

The unflinching certainty in his voice was a little unsettling, as though he had announced that on this day, for reasons that made sense to him but were none of our business, the sun would not set.

"Well," the man said, "I think you better ask your daddy, anyway."

John looked at me. I nodded. After all, it was his own money. John turned back to the man.

"My daddy says it's all right," he said.

"Okay," the man said with a laugh. "Same bet I made with my friend here. I'll spot you 13 points,

# KNOW



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son, and give you three-to-one."  
"No," John said. "I want to bet a dollar."

"I know," the man said. "I'll spot you 13 points, and give you three-to-one."

"No," John said. "Just a dollar."

The smile on the man's face grew a trifle strained. I could hardly blame him. I smiled back at him and nodded again, to indicate that I would help



straighten matters out, and leaned close to John.

"You can bet your dollar," I said. "That part of it is all right. What the man means is that Yale has to get 13 points before it begins to count against Dartmouth. If Yale gets 13 and Dartmouth gets only six, let's say, then you still win the bet, and instead of collecting only one dollar, you'll collect three. Okay?"

John shook his head.

"No," he said. "Just a dollar. I want to bet a dollar. He should bet a dollar, too."

The man laughed. Not very heartily. By this time quite a few people around us were watching and listening.

"But that's even money," he said. "I'd be cheating you, son, if I bet you even money. Dartmouth hasn't got a prayer. I'm willing to give you three-to-one."

John shook his head again.

"No," he said stubbornly. "Just a dollar. I bet a dollar. You bet a dollar."

The man looked nervously at me. I did not envy him. The people around us had started to grin and nudge one another. I looked at John. Like most parents, I am continually astonished by the facets of character and temperament that my children turn up almost daily for my uneasy inspection. I did not know precisely what was going on in John's mind. But I know John.

He is not afraid of new experiences. But he likes to tackle them in his own way. This way is not always comprehensible to others. I could see that being taken to his first football game, and overhearing his first discussion of betting odds, had catapulted him into a hitherto unsuspected area of life.

And I was certain that in John's mind, which is a good one, he had once again worked out his own method of exploring the new terrain. I saw no reason for confusing him by insisting his method was wrong before he had an opportunity to try it.

"If that's the way he wants it," I said to the man in the camel's hair coat, "I guess that's the way it will have to be."

The man shrugged. I could see that he regretted having become involved in what had started as a cute interlude with a small boy and, somewhat to his irritated astonishment, had mushroomed into something quite different.

"Okay with me, mister," he said. There was a slight edge in his voice. "But you know what's going to happen."

As it turned out, I didn't. Neither did he. Or, for that matter, anybody else. Dartmouth beat Yale 32-0, in one of the major upsets of the year.

On the drive home, during which John sat in happy silence, clutching his two one dollar bills, I thought it my duty as a parent to point out to him a hard fact that, while it might dim his present pleasure, would be useful to him later.

"If you had taken the odds that man wanted to give you, and to which you were entitled, you would have won three times as much," I said. "Instead of two dollars, you would now have four."

"I know," John said in the untroubled voice that belongs only to the very young, "but all I wanted to win was one dollar."

I have not yet had time to explore this answer for all the meanings that most surely lie buried in it. At the moment I am content to draw what seems to me a reasonable inference: my son John may never grow rich, but he'll



probably never end up in prison, either.

His larcenous streak isn't wide enough.



# INVENTOR WITH A LAZY STREAK

He built a better gun-rest  
and got some rich results

SCOTIA, N.Y.

A FEW WEEKS AGO, in the Pentagon, the big brass of the Ordnance Department sat around for several hours listening earnestly to an 18-year-old boy from Scotia, N.Y. The young lecturer was Herman K. Pribis Jr., and he was explaining his theories on the care and cleaning of guns. The reason the Pentagon had summoned him to Washington was that Herman had already perfected such startling improvements in this field that the Army felt they might use some.

One of them had especially caught the eye of the Pentagon planners: a collapsible cleaning rod which can be fitted inside a hole bored into the stock of the Army's M-1 Garand. It is sealed inside by a hinged butt plate which keeps it safe and ready for emergency use. It cannot touch the lands of the gun's bore. And it really works.

Herman claims he got to be an inventor because he's got a lazy streak as long as a gun barrel inside him. "So," he explains, "when I sit down to do a job I hate, I start to figure out a way to make it easy on myself."

## A VERY SPECIAL AFTERNOON

Herman likes to hunt, but he hates cleaning guns. On this very special afternoon when his work-hating turned him into an inventor, he'd just come back from a squirrel foray.

He got out his cleaning rod, his patches and his oil. He rested the stock of his gun grimly on the floor and set about the dreary business of cleaning it. As he cleaned, he kept telling himself that there had to be an easier way than this to clean a gun.

This time something came of it. Perhaps his subconscious was tired of being pestered. Whatever it was, Herman's kid brothers stared in surprise as Herman suddenly jumped up.

On the double, he headed for the camp woodpile. There, he picked out some fir scraps. Then he put them together in the form of a crude cradle—a thing that wound up looking like a pint-sized sawhorse.

Herman returned to the camp with the cradle. He placed his half-cleaned gun on it as though it were a log about to be sawed into stove-size lengths. And he discovered that he finished the cleaning job in a way that was better both for the gun and for himself.

That was 1952. Today he's the full-fledged president of the Benson Sporting Goods Manufacturing Co., Inc. (so named because the family camp is on Benson Road). It's a profit-making concern with six stockholders, a workshop (converted garage at home), proving grounds at the camp and a sales office in Scotia.

Inventing something, Herman soon found out, isn't as tough as doing something about it. First of all, he saw that after using the gun-rest, it was too bulky. Herman's kid brother Rudy had an idea. He spoke up: "We could fix that, Herm. We'll get a hinge, stick it to the middle and then we can fold it into half the size."

## "LIKE A SHOE BOX"

Herman knew they had something. With the help of the hinge they could fold it into the shape of a box. After a few weeks, Paul, the 7-year-old, said: "You know, Herm, as long as it folds into a box, why not put a groove in it so you can put the bottles of oil and stuff inside it. Like a shoe box."

Herman worked this idea out and by now his homemade joker was quite a neat production in its still crude way. Herman's father, who had been a tool-maker with G.E. once, knew how to make blueprint diagrams. He made some of the kit and Herman took them to the family lawyer who sent them to a patent attorney in Washington.

The P.A. made a search of the patent office and found that gun-rest patents already in existence totaled only three—1952, 1942 and 1872. A patent, Herman found out, was issued only if your invention had at least one completely original feature to it. This one did have—exactly one: the storage space it



INVENTOR PRIBIS checks his gadget while kid brothers Paul and Rudy (left) work on some other brainstorm.

offered after the box was folded onto a spacer track inside. With the legal green light, the Pribis boys were off.

Herman redesigned it to make it look more handsome. Then he tracked down a box company in Vermont who agreed to make the boxes. The first batch was made out of basswood.

After trying them out for a month or so, Herman saw that they got easily scratched up. As a result, he came up with the idea of putting on projecting metal corners and that kept the finish slick. He gave it a trade name: the *Kleen-Tote*. It's already being sold in sporting goods stores through New York State and New England.

## MAKING THINGS THAT HELP

Herman is a great big guy for his age—a 6-foot, 200-pounder—who looks as though he'd make a fine, long-hitting first baseman. But he's no more interested in baseball than a Swiss watchmaker. His sport is making things that help him, and others, to hunt.

The *Kleen-Tote* turned out to be only the first of six patents, all tied up with guns and pistols, that Herman applied for and got. Six out of six, in the patent world, may be some kind of a record. The retail prices on Herman's products aren't cheap but the craftsmanship is all of the old school—hand-some, sturdy and nonassembleable line.

Whether he makes millions before he's 30 remains to be seen. But if, in the next few weeks, the Pentagon decides that the Army needs the self-storing cleaning rod (and several other Pribis inventions now under consideration) Herman will be well on his way to that first million, which is supposed to be the hardest one to get your mitts on.

—DUANE DECKER





## FIRST SCENT OF FOX

At this season, the best young  
bounds are being worked into  
the best pack in the country

by REGINALD WELLS

IN SEPTEMBER of 1777 at Brandywine Creek in the southeasternmost corner of Pennsylvania, a British force under Sir William Howe won a notable victory over General Washington that led to the occupation of the city of Philadelphia. The British held the capital for less than a year, but vestiges of British domination are still evident in the Brandywine country: a pack of English foxhounds in Chester County is still making monkeys of American foxes. They are Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Fox Hounds, of Brooklawn Farms in Unionville—founded by a Philadelphia broker, the late W. Plunket Stewart, in 1912, and probably the best hunt in America today. Behind the Cheshire's planning and execution is one of the most accomplished foxhunters in the field, Mr. Stewart's stepdaughter, 34-year-old Mrs. John B. Hannum III, master-owner and huntsman of the pack.

Now it's cub-hunting time, those precious fall months before the formal opening of the fox hunting season, when the huntsman takes his new entry bounds into covert and works them into the pack.

Out by McConsell Farm, before eight o'clock on a brisk morning, the field stands waiting, anxious for the day's sport to begin. Someone cries, "Here they come," and 25 couples of massive black and white and tan beauties flock into the meeting place, sterna

AS DAWN BREAKS over mist-veiled Brandywine, huntsman and bounds back to the meet.







**HIGH-LIVING HOUNDS** rest in a palace-like kennel when not hunting and sleep in yellow-tiled lodging rooms on straw-covered beds. Kennel staff attends their every need.

#### FIRST SCENT *continued*

wavering with eagerness and impatience.

A groom calls out, "Morning, Mrs. Hannum," and the velvet-capped Master of Foxhounds raises her whip in salute and smiles a greeting as she takes a center position, hounds at her feet and stern-faced professional whippers-in at her side. The hounds sit or walk about her horse, the young ones, not having yet learned to husband their strength, busy with their noses.

The copper horn announces time to move off. "On to him, woo-up," the whipper-in encourages and hounds spring up willingly as the huntsman moves off. Slowly the cavalcade approaches the covert—first the huntsman and hounds, with whippers-in posted at either side, and then the field.

#### COUNTRYSIDE AND COMMUNITY

They cross the road, go through a gate, and there stretched out before them is the Brandywine country, ablaze in its multicolored fall foliage, mysterious now in its early-morning shroud of mist. This is the Cheshire's hunting country; gentle valleys carpeted with hazel and oak copse, mile after mile of undulating, open-galloping farm and grazing land, a covert-filled fox hunters' paradise.

For a brief moment one can reflect on the beauties of nature and rationalize the perfection of the moment

with the part this pack of hounds plays in the community. The hunt provides not only healthy and wholesome sport for everyone interested, but its members also support local ventures such as fire companies, hospitals, Red Cross bloodmobiles, churches and varied civic projects. The farmers' land becomes more valuable with its proximity

to the center of the hunting country.

A whip cracks, and a too-bolsterous hound rejoins the pack swinging its way to covert. From her horse, Mrs. Hannum watches the young hounds all the way. This is their day. For a year now their kennel training has been the groundwork for this moment—their first day to hunt a fox. On this final ability depends their future—whether they will be "entered" to stay with the famous pack or will be "drafted" elsewhere. Built and bred into each of these barrel-chested aristocrats loping their way to the hunt is the nose of a bloodhound, the speed of a greyhound and as bloodcurdling a cry as can be heard today.

#### THE SEVEREST TEST

Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Fox Hounds are a huntsman's joy. Once they hit the line, they are fury let loose, a spine-chilling, merciless pack of hounds out-distancing horse and field, checking, working, hitting it off again through five hours of relentless chase. Now is the apprentice hounds' big chance to win entry into the working pack. Now the huntsman will have a chance to see if Dixie is a babbler, noisy and giving tongue too freely, which young'uns will draw best, which can find a fox, which are the flighty ones and which the skitters.

Up past the Jones Farm and on to Trimble's Hollow the procession hacks to covert, the field following on behind—the riders in twos and fours,



**FOUNDER OF PACK**, W. Plunket Stewart, built it into country's best.



**MRS. JOHN E. HANNUM III**, his step-daughter, carries on Cheshire tradition.

rat-catcher dressed, dropping back, now coming forward again, rising in the saddle to the trot-toe-trot, trot-toe-trot of their thoroughbred horses.

The Cheshire isn't a fussy hunt, nor a social event with an easy ride and an early home. Not all its members are people of leisure and means; there are farmhands and steelworkers, too, rich only in their love of the sport. This is a huntsman's meet, packed with heart-pounding jumps at breakneck speed and a grueling pace which never seems to let up. This is the noble science brought to its peak in America, a matchless pack of hounds led by one of the best masters in the country.

Now they are at covert. They've approached upwind so as not to give warning to the young fox cub they hunt.

In cubbing, only the young fox is hunted, as the inexperienced hounds would never be able to match their wits against an old and wily fox, who would outwit and therefore discourage them before they learned what they were supposed to hunt.

The field stands halted outside the wood, waiting for hounds to draw. "Eloo-in, eloo-in," cries Mrs. Hannum, casting hounds into covert with a cheer. The old-timers crash into the undergrowth, noses to the ground. Fanning out, they work every inch of the ground, weaving, doubling back, their sterna feathering, silently nosing their fox. The young hounds boud in after them, not yet sure why but not wanting to lose the main pack.

"Yoi—rouse him, wind him," calls Mrs. Hannum, as she urges them to draw. Woods and brush come alive with the rustle of dry leaves and breaking bramble. Then suddenly comes an urgent, high-pitched yipping sound from old Raider on the left.

#### HARK TO RAIDER

"Spoken to it, Raider, spoken to it. Hark." A young hound joins him, nose to the ground, drawing in a scent which sets the hackle on its body stiff, and together young and old throw up their heads and send out their music.

"Hark to Raider, hark to Raider—Hark! Hark! Hark!" cries Mrs. Hannum, digging in her spurs and bolting after the black-and-tan blur ahead of her. And then every hound is on it, and a chorus of roaring and loud-ringing mouths shatters the crystal air as hounds are "gone away." The field flows after them over post and rail, ditch and stream, sending their horses on at a steeplechase pace where the going is good, ateadying



#### GLOSSARY OF HUNTING TERMS

**CUBBING:** Hunting young fox cubs before the formal season. This is the training period for young hounds about to enter the pack.

**STERNA FEATHERING:** Tails moving from side to side with liveliness, indicating that the hound has picked up a scent but not a strong enough one to speak to.

**WHIPPERS-IN:** Hunt servants who control pack and assist huntsman.

**COVERT:** A wood or anyplace else where a fox may be concealed.

**HIT THE LINE:** Find the scent of a fox—said of hounds.

**HITTING IT OFF:** Recovering the line after ones losing it.

**BLOODED:** When hounds kill their first quarry, they are said to have been

blooded; novice hunter is blooded by smearing him with fox blood at his first kill.

**GONE TO GROUND:** Gone into an earth or den or any refuge—said of the fox.

**GONE AWAY:** Hounds have started chase after fox has broken from covert.

**RAT-CATCHER:** Name given to informal riding clothes.

**"ELOO-IN":** The cry used by huntsman to urge hounds "to go in" (covert or kennel).

**DRAFT:** Selection of the hounds to be eliminated from the pack.

**COUPLING:** Harnessing of young inexperienced hound to an old hound, by means of a leather collar, for training purposes.

them at the rough or "trappy" spots.

Later in the afternoon they return—the huntsman, the hounds and what is left of the field. Some of the hounds are limping, bramble-scratched and lame, exhausted, filthy but triumphant. Like the novice rider in the field, they have been blooded to their first fox. They've made mistakes, been whipped at, scolded and praised, but in their noses still lingers a scent they will never forget. A mud-spattered and tired Mrs. Hannum jogs them back to the kennels, knowing now for sure that

the coming season will have a pack as good as ever. Only when her hounds are settled and her horse stabled does she call it a day.

A horsewoman from the time she was 5 years old, Nancy Hannum has grown up to the sound of hounds and born and running in her veins is blood rich in the hunt tradition. Her courage and tenacity in the saddle is inbred, for her father, mother and grandfathers were all Masters of Hounds.

From her home, Brooklawn, she runs the Cheshire true to tradition, with

the care, planning and strategy of a general at war. Mrs. Hannum knows every inch of the Brandywine country she hunts, from Trimble's Hollow to Doe Run—every wood, every tree, every post and rail. To her, hunting is a way of life, and it always will be. From the time she gets up—often before sunrise—she is out working in kennel or stable, conferring with her hunt-staff, inspecting a lame or injured hound or taking the pack out for training. With her whippers-in, James Regan and Gordon Roberts, who double as kennelmén, she can be seen any day, a white-coated figure with whip in hand, walking her hounds through the fields of Brooklawn Farms. They trot and cluster about her while she whistles trilling commands to them: "C'mon Dasher boy, Roguish—here, Artful—Stranger—Rosebud, c'mon girl."

The preparation for the hunt is always going on. Barbed wire is taken down from fences; dangerous, leg-breaking washes are filled in; and the fixture cards, 400 of them, are sent out to the riders who are invited to hunt with this private pack. Gamekeepers, grooms, kennelmén—all work the year round with Mrs. Hannum, welding scientific and sporting knowledge into the finest chase in the field today. It's a year-round business costing \$30,000.

#### GOOD HOUNDS MAKE GOOD HUNTS

"Fox hunting is like a heady wine and anybody can drink it. It's the most exciting sport in the world," says Mrs. Hannum, who has broken her collarbone five times while hunting, but who is still not deterred.

Part of the preparation for the hunt is a study of the habits and whereabouts of the fox. Mrs. Hannum's gamekeeper, Ray Hayes, is the hunt's fox watcher and earth stopper. A

squint-eyed, leathery-skinned woodsman, Ray is a legend around Chester County, and such is his knowledge of the comings and goings of the fox in this area that half the local inhabitants are convinced he is part fox himself.

Ray doesn't deny this. He'll smile and get down to business. "There's a fox round here; a thing of beauty. I see him often in the field, layin' flat as your hand, tail movin', like a cat does"—and then Ray will tell Mrs. Hannum what foxes are in which coverts, where the cubs are and which ones should be drawn. Ray Hayes has been fox-watching since he was 10 years old and this is his 21st year with the Cheshire. Driving about the Brandywine, studying tracks, stopping earths, killing off many foxes and protecting the others for the hunt, Ray Hayes leaves a trail of stories about his prowess which defies corroboration. He is another reason why the Cheshire is a great hunt.

But good hunts are made by their hounds, without which the best huntsmen could provide nothing but poor sport. The real reason the Cheshire gives the best sport in the land is the Cheshire foxhounds. These are Mrs. Hannum's pride, and her greatest responsibility rests in the breeding and continuation of this pack. She was brought up to know that "the fox is killed in the kennel," and that is where she spends most of her time.

#### ENGLISH HOUNDS FOR STRENGTH

When W. Plunket Stewart started the pack in 1912, he chose the finest English hound hitches he could acquire. Mr. Stewart chose English hounds because they are more massive, stronger and gayer than their lighter-boned American cousins, and this open grasslands country demanded the strongest hounds he could get. Their cry was not

as loud as that of the American hounds and their nose was not as keen, so Mr. Stewart went to work on these faults, and today the best traits of both types of hound are bred into the Cheshire pack. His skill in breeding established the pack as one of America's best, and when he died in 1949 he left his stepdaughter the legacy of carrying on the pack and hunt which still bear his name. Mrs. Hannum was already the Joint Master with Mr. Stewart, and she eagerly took over the breeding and management of the pack.

For 200 years the hounds' ancestors had been selectively bred for their finest points. Their blood line stretched back deep into English tradition. This was the responsibility Mrs. Hannum inherited. One season of poor breeding or mishandling in the field could ruin generations of effort.

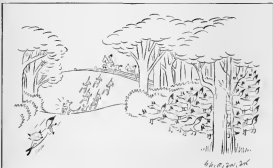
In or out of season, the kennels are always the nerve center of the hunt. Drawing the bounds, choosing the breeders, training the new entries, housing and working the entire kennel is a business which absorbs Mrs. Hannum's full time.

#### LIFE OF LUXURY

Few animals could have it any better than do the Cheshire hounds. Their kennel is a stone-walled palace set in its own tree-lined grounds. The kennel is split up into warm, yellow-tiled lodging rooms in which the hounds sleep on raised wooden benches on one and a half feet of straw. For the hounds to exercise in, each lodging room has its outside yard which gets hosed down and cleaned daily by the kennel staff. Leading off the lodging rooms are the feeding room, hospital room and kitchen, the latter a steamy, sweet-smelling place where the hounds' diet is prepared. It costs \$10,000 a year to feed the 135 hounds in the kennel, who eat an average of two horses a week. The hounds eat deboned, minced, boiled horseflesh and an oatmeal pudding. Each day the kennel uses about 100 pounds of horseflesh, 100 pounds of prepared meal, 10 buckets of cooked oatmeal and eight gallons of milk.

Once a day the hounds, in manageable groups, are brought into the feeding room, where they eat from a long trough running down the center of the room. As the door from the draw yard opens, in rush the hounds, nudging and hustling their way into position at the trough. Excitable and hungry, the hounds are calmed by Mrs. Hannum, who murmurs a droning "Sace, sace, sace" as they eat.

Mrs. Hannum hunts her 135 entered





**MORNING EXERCISE** through beautiful kennel meadow is given to hounds by white-coated Mrs. Hannum and kennelman, who carry whips to maintain pack discipline.

hounds in two packs and in rotation. One pack is nothing but bitches; they are better, faster and more malleable. The other is a mixed pack of larger-sized bitches and the regular dog-hounds. It is to either one of these packs that the new entry must graduate. It isn't enough to be born a Cheshire foxhound. Becoming an "entered" member of the pack is like winning the crown in a babbling court of power-crazy blood brothers.

Of the 24 couples of hounds which are born to this purple life each year, only two-thirds will ever get into the pack. The rest are sold to ignominy. Two or three are killed at birth for obviously bad conformation. In the first draft, when the puppies are a few months old, the slightest imperfection, like a short neck or a stern set on too low, can eliminate the hound on the spot.

Only the perfectly formed hounds are left. These are then slowly winnowed until only the best working hounds are left. When they are one

year old, the new entries are brought to the main kennel from their grass yards, and their training really begins. Mrs. Hannum teaches them their names first and then teaches them to come when called. They move about the kennels to orders, entering the draw yard, after their daily walks, to the command of "Elloo-in, elloo-in" which they will later hear at covert-side.

#### **COUPLING TEACHES DISCIPLINE**

As soon as they are ready, the apprentice hounds join the main packs on their daily exercise walks. Out into the field they go, under the watchful eye of Mrs. Hannum. Each young hound is "coupled" to an older one by a leather collar and chain, and in this way pack discipline is taught to the inexperienced hound. This goes on day after day, and slowly the young hound learns to move about as a member of the team. At first he riots after any old rabbit or bird, but, coupled to the older hound, he soon learns to curb his

natural instincts and act upon command only. All the time Mrs. Hannum watches them and notes their progress, studying each hound's personality.

Later, the coupling collars are removed and the young hounds go out with the pack unguided. They are walked in the meadow and along a roadside and are taught to watch and listen, to obey and to heed the sharp crack of the whip. After being "walked out" from April until July, their mounted road work starts. Then hounds are walked and jogged along the roads, with the hunt staff mounted on horses. By the time cubbing starts, hounds are used to being out for about three hours and their feet are tough and hard, as are their whole bodies.

"But anywhere along the line they can misbehave themselves right out of the kennels and hunt. Too much individuality, a quarrelsome or timid nature, a streak of disobedience—any one of these inbred qualities can finish a hound," says Mrs. Hannum. But when she thinks they are ready she draws the new entries for size, levelness of conformation and sex, and divides them into packs to be taken out cub hunting.

This is the last phase of their training, their graduation exercise. Though part of the regular hunting pack, they are still rookies until they have had a full season's hunting. If they come through this final examination successfully, they are considered "entered hounds."

#### **GRADUATION DAY AT LAST**

They take their place in the pack, excitedly bounding their way at the feet of Mrs. Hannum's horse. The whippers-in are there too, watching their charges carefully, ready to chastise a riotous hound with their trailing whips and stern commands. There's a snap in the air and the Brandywine is veiled in mist as they go to the meet. They are a blood-stirring sight, swishing rhythmically over field and stream, shuffling the scented earth.

Mrs. Hannum, her horn tucked between buttons of her hunting coat, leads them on, a low, trilling whistle on her lips.

The whip cracks and a recalcitrant bounds back to his proper place in the pack. Up the slope they come, jogging at a trot-pace, etched softly against the backdrop of the Brandywine. "Here they come," goes up the cry of the field, as the star performers join the meet.

The hunting horn sounds its twanging note, and another day's hunt has begun.

**A PLACE TO BE****FOOTBALL STADIUM**

On autumn Saturdays they are not only fine places for watching a game, but wonderful for family picnics too

by HORACE SUTTON

THE citizens sunbathing on the page opposite, while the athletes exercise below, are inhaling one of the prime pleasures of the American autumn. The breeze is full of gusto, the air is full of festivity, the ladies are full of chrysanthemums, and the trees are beginning to share colored leaves with the earth.

Ensnored here in the tiers of Harvard Stadium, these devotees have filtered over the Charles River from Harvard's Georgian houses along its banks, from the subway that stretches all the way to Boston and from the parked cars in from everywhere.

It doesn't take a college graduate to make an alumnus when football is on. Notre Dame never had more partisan fans than in the days when its subway alumni converged from all the boroughs of New York to see it square off with the Army in Yankee Stadium.

Yale's Merritt Parkway alumni include anybody with a pasteboard and a Pontiac riding the Connecticut highway that leads to the Yale Bowl. Both Yale and Princeton are merely objectives for picnicking families on fall Saturdays. Those who get down to Nassau early enough string out along the edges of Lake Carnegie and old club members head for Prospect Street to set up an alfresco lunch on eating-club lawns.

Both Yale and Princeton turn their practice fields into parking areas on Saturday mornings. By noon the family Buicks are streaming like safari wagons across the green turf, covering the cleat marks where bruised

scrubs battled a bare 72 hours before.

Then from the trunks come the wicker baskets that arrived last Christmas tied with a satin bow and loaded with liquor. And the Scotch Koolers decorated with the tartan of the Royal Stewart (may they never know). And from the coolers come the pint-sized

whiskey bottles, washed out now and replaced with Martinis which have been chilling all the way from Scarsdale.

From the depths of the wicker, wrapped in cocoons of waxed paper, come the hard-boiled eggs the deep-fried chicken, the well-mashed sandwiches. The formalists dip into the trunk and come up with cocktail shakers. The fastidious are busy taking silver goblets out of felt bags that tie with drawstrings. You can hear the ice cubes clinking in the plastic cups of modernists. And the Lewis & Congerous sit snugly at their picnic tote table that folds up into a kit this big.

Blankets are spread from hubcap to hubcap; the tailgates are down on the station wagons. Both are laden equally with cellophane bags of potato chips and plums and plates crowned with Himalayas of potato salad mixed by mama the night before from a German recipe that calls for green peppers. And what's left over is wrapped again and stored until after the game. There isn't anything quite like a half of a soggy egg-salad sandwich when the car is on the highway, rolling home under the ivy-covered bridges, past leaves burning on a suburban lawn and the white birches and the red maples. Oh, to have an old egg-salad sandwich any Saturday at 5, when Mel Allen's pipes are working over a western game on the car radio and the air is masky with wood smoke and the dying sun is coaxing the last glint of yellow out of a poplar leaf that only lately was a shade for the summer sun.



OLD GRAD'S NOSTALGIA

On a fall Saturday not long ago a gentleman in a polo coat and muffler stood for some time on the corner by the Old Campus in New Haven watching busload after busload leave for the Yale Bowl. Finally the starter, worrying that the gent would miss the kick-off, walked over to him. "Can I help you?" he asked.

"Well, I'm waiting for one of the open trolley cars," the gent replied. For years the local transportation company, as full of tradition as a Yale sophomore, had trotted out the open-air trams every fall Saturday to transport spectators from the campus to the field.

"Ah," the starter said, shaking his head, "they're gone. They've taken them off for good."

At this the visitor spun on his heel and without another word, climbed into a nearby taxi to take the next train to New York.



Paul Rea





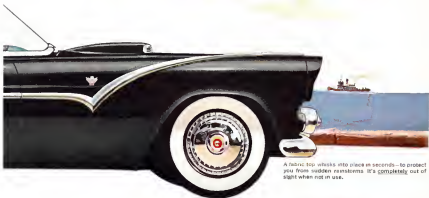


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Front Suspension, the Thunderbird corners as if on rails.

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Why not call on your Ford Dealer today and ask him for complete details on this new and distinctive personal car? First deliveries of the thrilling Thunderbird are now being made.



## SPORTING LOOK

# THE NOT SO ODD JACKET

The most popular items in a man's wardrobe are his sport jackets. Ten million of them will be sold this year—and it all started as a college-hoy fad

THE story of the student at Yale who launched the sport jacket appears so often in the annals of men's fashions that though his name is unrecorded and it may be in part apocryphal, it must contain the essence of truth. This young Eli, class of '28, ripped the trousers to his brown tweed suit—as standard an item in his day as the Oxford gray flannel is for the class of '55. Nothing daunted, and being of a strong fraternity and reputation, he teamed his brown tweed jacket with a pair of flannel "bags." The combination was such a success that by 1932 tweed jackets and flannel slacks were college uniforms from East to West, superseding the four-piece suit (knicker, long pants, vest and jacket) of Scott Fitzgerald's heyday. The odd jacket was not a new idea. The striped blazer, the belted shooting jacket, the long-skirted, deep-vented hacking jacket had all been around since the '90s. But they were worn only for the occasions for which they had been designed: a tennis match at Newport, a grouse shoot in Scotland, a race meet on Long Island. Now, as with many items of male apparel, what started as a college fad (perk-pie hats, saddle shoes) has become an American institution.

The ten million jackets that will be sold in 1954 will be more than twice the number sold in 1947. Reasons for this mushrooming popularity: the handsome styling of today's jacket and the American male's increased leisure time. There are jackets in almost every price range and fabric, from an \$18.75 cotton to a \$400 custom-made vicuña. But by far the most popular jacket fabric is Shetland tweed. The colors and patterns found in Shetlands are hard for any man to resist. That's why the jacket has become the favorite garment for almost every sporting, leisure or suburban occasion in America.

**VIC SEIXAS**, national tennis champion, wears a luxurious sports jacket at Los Angeles Tennis Club: Cashmere, custom tailored by J. Press, N.Y., \$175.



**HACKING JACKETS**, like this early '30s model, are for riding. But, like the Norfolk and blazer, they have contributed to style of today's jacket.



**TWEED JACKETS** from four-piece sport suits (left) were first mixed with flannel pants (right) at Yale in 1928, as demonstrated by this picture taken at the time.



At left, America's most popular sport jacket this fall. To find out what kind of jacket men are buying, *SI* polled the following leading men's stores last week: Ditto's, Houston; Bullock & Jones, San Francisco; Jerry Rothschild, Los Angeles; Andrade's, Honolulu; Little's, Seattle; Lewis & Thos. Saltz, Washington; MacNeil & Moore, Milwaukee, Colorado Springs and Madison; Capper & Capper, Detroit and Chicago; Hubert W. White, Minneapolis; Jack Henry, Kansas City. Surprisingly unanimous choice: a jacket of black-brown Shetland tweed with three-button closure, flap pockets, center vent, natural shoulders. Average cost, \$65.



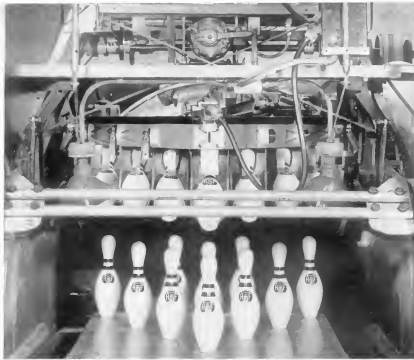
**PATCHED ELBOWS** show up on favorite old jackets, lend them the comfortable character of well-smoked Meerschaum.



**FIFTY JACKETS** hang behind glass in dressing room of jacket-collector Jean Negulesco, 20th Century-Fox director.



**NORFOLK JACKET** worn by Duke of Edinburgh in 1952 caused renewed interest in old style. Jacket styles change slowly.



BOWLING REVOLUTION WAS LAUNCHED BY AUTOMATIC PINSPOTTER, SHOWN POISED TO SWEEP UP AND REPLACE PINS AFTER ROLL

# NEW LOOK IN BOWLING



THE PIN BOY: A VANISHING SPECIES

Gadgets Rube Goldberg never dreamed of, neon-lighted alleys, TV cameras and crowds herald the bright new era of one of the oldest sports of all

By VICTOR KALMAN

THIS futuristic fantasy of steel and wire shown above is the pin-spotting machine developed by the American Machine & Foundry Co., a gadget which has revolutionized the bowling industry and started the pin boy (left) on his way out after an unbroken tenure of some 17 centuries. It is a far cry indeed from the game originated around 250 A.D. by a Bavarian priest who first set up a wooden pin in the cloister of his church. He labeled the pin *Heide* (heathen) and called upon

each parishioner to knock it down with a rounded stone. If the *Kepler* (thrower) scored a hit, he was judged to be living a devout, pure life. If he missed, his soul was presumed to require cleansing at church.

This season the nation's top bowlers are competing before television cameras at the \$1,500,000 Echo Lanes in Mountainside, N.J. and in other palatial establishments throughout the country. Crowds jam permanent and portable grandstands to watch classic





# SPLITS AND SPARES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM



Spares and the occasional conversion of splits hold up a bowler's average. They can be made with ball alone (left), deflecting it off one pin to strike another, or by using a pin to knock another down (right). In these diagrams the zigzag lines indicate the course of the ball, dotted lines the course of the pins.



of the pins after the ball hits them. Below are various combinations of pins left standing and how to convert them to that all-important spare by using ball and pins in deflection shots. Fractions of inches can make all the difference here between hits and misses.



1-3-6



5-8-10



6-7-10



1-2-8



4-5-7



3-9-10



5-10



2-4-5-8



3-10



1-2-4-10

GRAPHIC MATERIAL ON THESE PAGES COURTESY OF FALC CORPORATION, MILWAUKEE. PREPARED BY L. E. BILLING, SPORTS ENGINEER

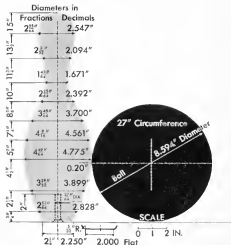
and millions more for balls, shoes, shirts, trophies and medals.

One-third of the enthusiasts are women. Mixed tournaments of men and women, boys and girls are becoming increasingly popular. There are "Tot Leagues" in which children as young as three bowl with special balls, while Frank Helmers, 90, didn't miss a session of his Volunteer Bowling Club in Cincinnati last season. Leagues of blind bowlers compete in New York and Cleveland. Paraplegic war veterans, rolling from wheel chairs, record amazingly high scores in their Cleveland league.

There is no indication that bowling has reached its peak. Despite high real-estate and building costs, luxurious academies are being erected every week. Most of them include locker-room and shower facilities, restaurants, cocktail lounges and meeting rooms. Many operate nurseries so that mildly doesn't have to wait until her baby is old enough for the Tot League in order to join her neighbors at the alleys. Almost every establishment employs an instructor. Teachers of the game, like former national champions Joe Wilman of Berwyn, Ill. and Ned Day of West Allis, Wis., and television's "bowling doctor," Sid Greenberg of Fresh Meadows, N.Y., are introducing new thousands to the sport.

Bowling has made its greatest progress in the past 15 years or so. But behind this phenomenal surge to the top of the sports field lies a groundwork shaped by half a century of toil, sweat and cheers.

Tenpins, like golf, was reared in private clubs, most of them restricted to the well to do. Each club set its own rules. Early attempts to organize the game failed because club members fought any change which might under-



## BOWLING

mine the traditional or social values of bowling to them.

The magnetism of the sport finally proved stronger than tradition, however, and on Sept. 9, 1895 in New York's Beethoven Hall, representatives of 14 of the most powerful clubs formed the American Bowling Congress. It was the most important single event in the evolution of bowling.

Two basic rules were adopted on that historic night: 1) a game was to consist of 10 frames, with two balls to a frame; 2) scoring was to be on a basis of "strikes" and "spares," with a strike (all 10 pins with one ball) counting 10 points plus the total knocked down with the next two balls, and a spare (all pins with two balls) counting 10 points plus the number knocked down with the next ball. Both rules are in effect to this day.

In later years the ABC set down a volume of rules, regulations and minutely detailed specifications for alleys, pins, balls and other equipment. Fieldmen check each establishment once a year. Leagues and even individual ABC members are barred from bowling in an academy which has not received a certificate of approval. Every innovation affecting the game requires ABC sanction before it may be used.

From a handful of bowlers in 1895, the ABC membership rose to 2,000,000 last season. Leagues compete in every state except New Hampshire and Rhode Island, Alaska, Hawaii, Central America, American oil workers in Saudi Arabia, and U.S. military bases overseas all have their leagues as well.

It should be noted, however, that not all of the early clubs went along with the ABC. Throughout New England and in sections of Pennsylvania



**NOW MARION LADEWIG BOWLS: BALL IS AT PEAK OF BACKSWING ON THIRD STEP.**

and the South, bowlers of English, Irish and Dutch extraction clung to their own rules—largely drawn from skittles. Several variations of tenpins—ducks, rubberband ducks, candles, barrels and variations of these variations—are rolled exclusively in those areas to this day. The only ABC representations in New England north of New Haven, Conn. are at military camps.

### THE ORGANIZED LEAGUES

Organized league bowlers include the ABC's 2,000,000 members; the Woman's International Bowling Congress with 700,000; the American Junior Bowling Congress with more than 40,000 of high school age and younger; the National Duck Pin Bowling Congress, 1,250,000 and the Massachusetts (candlepin) Bowling Association with 80,000. In addition, ABC officials estimate that there are at least 1,500,000 men and women who roll regularly in unattached

social, fraternal and commercial clubs.

The ABC was the first permanent association of bowlers and, with the assistance of the manufacturers and progressive bowling proprietors, became the most influential. The women's and junior congresses follow ABC "big pin," or "kingpin," rules. The vast majority of bowlers in the United States—an estimated 17,000,000—are league enthusiasts.

Of the clubs which founded the ABC, two are still going strong. The Hamilton County League of Cincinnati, now in its 60th year, has been a mainstay of the organization. The United Bowling Clubs of New York, established in 1885, pulled out of the ABC in 1906—because the national tournament was awarded to St. Louis instead of Philadelphia—and, with other Eastern clubs, formed a rival National Bowling Association. Thanks to the strength of the Midwestern leagues and to ABC Secretary Samuel Karpf



### BOWLING'S ALL-AMERICA TEAM, PICKED



**DON CARTER**, of Budweiser, twice match game champion.



**TONY SPARANO**, Long Island team, won singles title.

**HANK MARINO** BOWLER OF THE HALF-CENTURY



IT MOVES FORWARD WITH LEFT FOOT AS SHE STARTS SLIDE: IT IS RELEASED IN PERFECT RHYTHM, WITH FINGERS STARTING SPIN

of New York, who kept the majority of Eastern clubs in line, the NBA collapsed and the rebels limped back into the fold.

Karpf, who during 12 years as secretary barnstormed the country at his own expense to explain the aims of the ABC; Dr. Henry Timm, Brooklyn physician who served as president for five years and forced bookmaking out of the alleys; Charles Ebbets, late owner of the Brooklyn Dodgers who helped write the ABC constitution, and Abe Langtry of Milwaukee, who took over as secretary in 1907 and served for a quarter-century, were among the many who played major roles in bowling's formative years.

Another, and perhaps the most colorful, was Joe Thum. "Uncle Joe," as he came to be known, emigrated from Germany in 1876 and within a few years became a star bowler and leader of the United Bowling Clubs. After the ABC regulated the game, acad-

emies—mostly with two or four lanes and pool tables—mushroomed throughout the lower East Side of New York, which was the center of entertainment in those days. Thum, confident of bowling's future as a sport, had more ambitious plans.

"I'm going to build the biggest place in the country—and uptown, where the rich people live," he announced one day.

#### A WHITE ELEPHANT

His friends tried to talk him out of it. "Don't do it, Joe," one of them advised. "You'll have a white elephant on your hands."

Thum ignored their advice and in 1901 opened a 24-alley establishment at 31st Street and Broadway, a plush section in that era. He named his place The White Elephant. It not only made him a wealthy man, but showed other businessmen the drawing power of the game.

The Woman's International Bowling Congress, formed in 1916, is proving as successful as the ABC. Like the men's organization, it organizes a tournament each year in a different city. When Emma Phaler of Columbus, Ohio was elected secretary in 1927, the WIBC was composed of less than 200 teams in 42 cities. Last year, with Mrs. Phaler still at the helm, the organization had nearly 26,862 leagues in 1,471 cities.

Today there are many women who are expert enough to bowl in the men's classics. Marion Ladewig, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has been women's national champion for the past five years. In winning the title in 1951 at the Chicago Coliseum, she averaged 211 for 32 games—hitting a sensational 247 average in one eight-game block.

The men's and women's individual championships, known as the All-Star Classics, are sponsored annually by the Bowling Proprietors Association

#### FROM THE YEAR'S BEST



**JOE WILMAN** of Hamm Beer team is all-time All-America.



**BUZZ FAZIO** captains Stroh team, match game champs.



**ED LAUBANSKI** of Stroh is former U.S. doubles champion.



**BILL LILLARD** of Pfeiffer was twice runner-up in U.S. singles.

of America. These matches, along with the BPAA doubles and team championships, have helped the ABC tournament in recent years as far as spectator interest is concerned.

In 1932 a group of proprietors created the BPAA. Their contribution to bowling, both as a sport and as an industry, has been considerable since that time.

Two other organizations have helped shape the modern game. The National Bowling Council—composed of representatives of the bowlers, the proprietors and the manufacturers—was formed as a lobby group in 1943 when Congress was considering taxing bowling as "entertainment." Under the guidance of Arville L. Ebersole of Washington, D.C., who also is secretary of the Duck Pin Congress, the NBC compiled such a splendid war record (raising \$445,000,000 for War Bonds, for instance, and sending GI's thousands of books and playing cards collected at alleys) that it was made a permanent body. Since the war the NBC has sponsored the Junior Congress and the Bowler's Victory Legion, which continues to raise funds for wounded veterans. Incidentally, it has also warded off the entertainment tax.

#### THE GOLDEN YEAR

The Bowling Writers of America has approximately 50 active members who promote as well as report the sport. Such men as Mort Luby of Chicago, one of three generations of Luby's to publish and edit the *National Bowlers Journal*; Sam Levine, editor of the *Cleveland Kegel* who also acts as master of ceremonies on radio and TV bowling shows; Eli Whitney of Milwaukee, editor of the ABC magazine *Bowling*; Steve Cruchon of Detroit, editor of the *Modern Bowler*, and Billy Sixty of the *Milwaukee Journal*, a top-notch bowler himself, are some of the writers whose criticisms, ideas and even sponsorship of tournaments have had a marked effect on the game.

History might well regard 1932 as the golden year of bowling. In addition to the founding of the BPAA, it was the year Andy Varipapa, of Hempstead, N.Y., twice national champion and trick-shot artist, made the first of a series of movie shorts which were shown in theaters everywhere and gave untold thousands their first glimpse of an alley. It also was the year Elmer H. Baumgarten became secretary of the ABC. He served until Aug. 1, 1957, building up the membership from 230,000 to 1,650,000. Since his retirement, Baumgarten pays daily visits to his

long-time assistant and successor, Frank Baker, at the ABC building in Milwaukee—erected in 1932 for its 75 employees at a cost of \$350,000.

One of Baumgarten's most spectacular achievements was to convince industrial leaders of the importance of organized bowling. Starting a league has become a "must" today for any new personnel or recreation director, and with good reason. Many cases have been recorded where men and women turned down better jobs elsewhere because they didn't want to break up their teams.

The ABC has approved no less than 5,000 inventions, innovations and improvements in equipment. Possibly the one which has had the most profound effect was the hard-rubber ball, advertised for the first time in 1905 and in general use by 1907. The old wooden ball had been "palmed," as is the small ball in duckpins. The new ball, with properly drilled finger holes to fit the hand, could be lifted easily and controlled even by children.

The American Machine and Foundry Company's fully automatic pin spotter has started a revolution in the industry, although its effect on the sport remains to be seen. This machine, perfected little more than a year ago, completely eliminates pin boys. Since pin boys—or the lack of them—have been a constant source of irritation to bowlers and proprietors alike, the pin spotters were welcomed with open purses. They are leased, not sold, to alleys on a 12-year contract. AMF President Morehead Patterson announced in June that 2,500 already had been

installed and 1,500 more would be in operation by the end of this year.

Meanwhile, B. E. Bensinger, president of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., the giant of the industry, said that Brunswick's automatic pin setter will be field-tested this winter and in full production by next spring. Brunswick, which builds and supplies well over half of the nation's bowling academies, has also been one of the sport's chief promoters. The company's policy of employing men's and women's champions to roll exhibitions from coast to coast—and to give lessons en route—has done as much to build bowling as any single program.

#### A PERMANENT ARENA

This month, Herman and Harry Sturcke, proprietors of the magnificent 64-alley Echo Lanes, opened bowling's first permanent arena. Behind 16 alleys set aside for tournament and match play, specially equipped for televising, is a grandstand of 700 theater-type lounge seats. With portable stands along the adjoining lanes, 1,200 can be seated comfortably.

It is no Rose Bowl, but, like the pin in the cloister and Uncle Joe Thum's move to uptown Manhattan, it may open new vistas to bowling—as a spectator sport. The Sturcke brothers visualize regularly scheduled events which someday will overshadow boxing, basketball and hockey in the public limelight. Some of their BPAA fellow members are less optimistic, but in the light of bowling's history no one so far has suggested that a white elephant is being groomed in Mountainside, N.J.



NUNS SHOW DEGREE TO WHICH SPORT IS ACCEPTED BY ALL CLASSES AND CREEDS

# YOU SHOULD KNOW: if you plan to take up hunting

## For food and pleasure

THE quest of man for beast is as old as the human race. Long before the dawn of recorded history, the hunt was on, only in those times it was a matter of survival. The hunter killed for food or in self-defense. Today in civilized lands, hunting is no longer a necessity. It is instead one of the most pleasant leisure activities, enjoyed by millions annually in this country. But it takes some learning to become a good hunter. We hope in this space to outline your needs and give you a few words of warning. Next week we'll take you out in the field.

\* \* \*

## Licenses

With only a few exceptions, licenses are required for hunting in all parts of the country. They are available at many sporting goods stores, general or department stores and town clerk's offices. Fees vary from state to state. Generally a resident license for hunting in your home state costs under \$5. Nonresident fees are higher. Most states require a separate license or a combination one if you plan to hunt both big and small game. Some areas also require additional permits for specific game animals, exportation on special hunts. Furthermore, the Federal authorities require you to buy a \$2 migratory waterfowl stamp if you want to hunt ducks, geese, rails, gallinules or similar migratory bird species.

\* \* \*

## Guns

For the one-gun hunter, the best all-round weapon is the shotgun. They come in various sizes or "gauges." The 12-gauge shotgun is considered standard and is the most popular, though many prefer the lighter 16- or 20-gauge model. The shotgun's versatility is its biggest asset. The beginner can shoot most anything with it. With shot charges, he can bag birds, rabbits, squirrels and other small animals. With rifled slugs, deer, bobcat and some bears can be killed. Shotgun price ranges are enormous, from \$22 to \$2,000, but the beginner will do well to invest in a good all-round pump action model for about \$77 to \$86.

Don't use the .22 rifle, which appeals to some because of its low price, easy operating procedure and greater relative power. It's a terribly dangerous weapon in the woods, with an effective killing range of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles combined with the rifle bullet's great propensity for ricocheting. The .22 is illegal for shooting birds and many states outlaw it altogether in hunting season. It is useful only on rabbits and squirrels, but shotguns are still better for these.

\* \* \*

## Ammunition

Shotgun shells will cost you \$2.10 to \$6.35 for a box of 25, depending on the size of the shot. Rifled slugs cost about \$3.90 to \$4.55, but check your local regulations as some states prohibit their use. The best all-round shot size is No. 6 for all-purpose small game hunting. Specifically, though, shot sizes 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 8 and 9 are considered best for woodcock, snipe, quail and doves; 5, 6 and 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  for pheasant, grouse, rabbits and ducks; 4, 5 and 6 for squirrels; and BB, 2 and 4 for geese, turkeys or foxes. For big game, shoot with rifled slugs at distances less than 100 yards. Make sure your gun is powerful enough to kill the game you seek.

\* \* \*

## Learning to shoot

For safety remove all oil from the barrel and chamber of your gun before firing. This also prevents excessive wear and pressure. If you're using a second-hand gun, play safe and take it to a gunsmith for an inspection of all working parts. It costs a few dollars, but it's well worth it. A gun should have at least three pounds test pull on the trigger to be safe. A hair trigger is a hazard. Make sure your gun feels right to you. If it feels light or unsteady in

## YOU SHOULD KNOW *confused*

control when aimed, you need a heavier gun or longer barrels. If the gun feels sluggish and swings too slowly, its barrels may be too long. Practice dry firing (with an unloaded gun) by drawing the weapon from the safety position to your shoulder, releasing the safety catch, aiming, leading your target proportionate to its speed, and firing. Keep working on it until you can do all this in a single coordinated movement. After aiming, take a deep breath, exhale slowly and squeeze the trigger. Pulling or jerking the trigger will throw off your aim.

### **Practicing**

For the novice gunner, target shooting with a shotgun can be helpful in enabling him to determine his shooting pattern. Be prepared for the "kick" or recoil of your gun. Use a five- or six-foot square piece of paper with a circle three feet in diameter in the center of which a bull's-eye has been drawn. Fire at it from 40 yards. This should help you later on in the field. Trapshooting is invaluable for the beginner. Ranges are available in most localities and clay pigeons provide excellent practice for firing and leading moving targets. You can buy your own hand trap for about \$4.

### **Gun safety**

Carelessness, ignorance and selfishness cause most shooting accidents. Make sure you identify your target before firing, know exactly what lies in the line of fire and behind your target, keep the safety on except when actually firing and never carry a loaded gun in the car, house or camp. If you are not sure whether the gun is empty, break it and find out. When in the field, always break your gun when crossing obstacles to prevent slips and accidental discharges. Remember never to rest a loaded gun on a rounded surface or stand it up anywhere, and, of course, don't point a loaded gun at anything you wouldn't shoot. Take extra care when cleaning, loading or unloading your weapon.

### **Equipment**

Binooculars are useful for spotting and identifying game. They also give you good target visibility as an added safety measure. You can pay a few dollars or several hundred for a pair. Hang them around your neck on a strap for easy access. You'll want a good sharp sheath knife with a four- to five-inch blade, for whittling and skinning and butchering your game. Take a whetstone of rough and smooth carborundum with you to sharpen the blade, and avoid stainless steel knives, which are almost impossible to sharpen in the field. For finding your way, use a pocket compass, checking its accuracy first with another compass or familiar landmarks before you leave. Topographic maps of your area are available for about 15¢ each from the Geological Survey, Washington, D.C.

### **Hunting dogs**

A trained hunting dog can be invaluable to your hunting pleasure if you can afford one. Different breeds are best for different purposes, and prices range according to breed, age and training. Check a local breeder and if you buy one, be sure he's been properly trained for the kind of hunting you expect to do.

### **Clothes**

Your shoes are the most important item. Make sure they're sturdy. Hunting shoes should be a size longer and two sizes wider than your regular ones because your feet will swell on long hikes. Six- or seven-inch boot tops are good for most hunting functions. Duck hunters use hip-length rubber boots with rough corrugated soles. Wear long cuffless trousers, a jacket, light or medium woolen underwear and gloves. Don't overdress or you'll perspire heavily—hunting is an active sport.

Color-wise, red is the standard for hunters. Some states require it. Light or fluorescent reds are best. Darker reds tend to look brown in failing light. A red hunting cap is essential. If you don't have one, tie a red bandanna around the brim of your hunting hat. Never carry a white handkerchief because as you use it someone may mistake it for a departing animal and fire. Be careful and you'll have fun.

**by The Know-it-all**

## FOOTBALL

# NEYLAND'S BOYS

The Tennessee general has sent fine coaches to a lot of U.S. colleges

by HERMAN HICKMAN



Gen. Neyland

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

SITTING next to me in the press box, high atop Shields-Watkins Field, is Robert Reese Neyland Jr., D.S.M., Legion of Merit (with Oak Leaf Cluster), Order of the British Empire, Chinese Order of Cloud and Banner, and Brigadier General USA (Ret.). But we are watching the Tennessee-Alabama game and his thoughts are far away from the Burma Road, where he commanded Advanced Section No. 1, SOS, in the CBI theater in 1944. For a quarter of a century (the war years excepted), the surge of 'Bama's Crimson Tide was a major problem to this officer of the Corps of Engineers. Even now that he has retired to the relatively placid post of athletic director his mind remains fixed on the field of play.

Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Andrew Jackson and Sam Houston were among the first to tread these wilderness trails of the South; but Dan McGugin of Vanderbilt; Wallace Wade of Alabama and Duke; Frank Thomas of Alabama; and Bob Neyland, Texas born, West Point graduated and a Tennessean by adoption were the pioneers of southern football.

Naturally, I am prejudiced, because I played for him, but I believe that of these, Neyland was the greatest. If you doubt me, read his record: 171 wins, 27 losses and 12 ties for a 25-year record, with time out for war and military service. He placed the Volunteers in seven Bowl games, made the Neyland system of play the most respected in football and founded a dynasty of college football coaches unparalleled in modern gridiron history.

### CALLING THE ROLL

To name a few of those who are—and in some cases this is a pointed understatement—active today: there's Bobby Dodd, dean of coaches in the Southeastern Conference, now in his 23rd year at Georgia Tech, the last nine as head coach. There's Bowden Wyatt, head coach at Arkansas, selected only last week as the Coach of the Week, who works under another Neyland product, John Barnhill, now the

athletic director. There's Murray Warmath at Minnesota, who is in his first year of what will be a memorable coaching career for the Golden Gophers. There's DeWitt Weaver out at Texas Tech, whose team last year was the highest-scoring in college football and la well on the way to that distinction again. There's Bob Woodruff at Florida, who stunned Georgia Tech, 13-12. There's Phil Dickens, a pride of the Skyline Conference, at Wyoming. There's Billy Meek, who is doing such a fine job at Kansas State; and of course, Harvey Robinson at Tennessee, who has the unenviable task of filling the General's shoes.

### TAKE 'EM AWAY

Assistant coaches are legion—for instance, Red Sanders out at U.C.L.A. has three Neyland products on his fine coaching staff: "Deke" Brackett, Jim Meyers and Bill Barnes. The General has always said that the only trouble is that they all become college coaches instead of high school mentors and are usually attempting to take the best high school prospects rather than send them to Tennessee.

This is the first time that I have had a chance to come to Shields-Watkins Field since I played my last game here in 1931 (some 70 pounds ago), because I have always had my own coaching problems on fall Saturday afternoons. The dim haze of my beloved Great Smokies rears above the clouds in the distance. The native has returned to his kinfolks and the years have dropped away. . . .

The lost games are the best remembered, and the only losing game that I ever played, in four years of college football, was against Wallace Wade's last Alabama team in 1930. This was the team that defeated Washington State 24-0 in the Rose Bowl. Those Red Elephants, as we called them, were awesome. "Flash" Suther, Ebert, Sington, Clemens and Campbell were an all-star cast. Tennessee was in bad shape for the game. Out, because of injuries, were Gene McEver, the greatest back in Ten-

nessee history; two all-Southern ends, Paul Hug and Fritz Brandt; Quinn Decker, a fine fullback. I was playing left tackle, and this is how I became a guard.

The off-tackle power play of Alabama was devastating. My instructions were: get one-and-a-half yards across the line of scrimmage and start a pile-up. That's all, nothing else. Well, the wingback and the right end would wrap me up, and the blocking back and the fullback coming out shoulder to shoulder obliterated Red Clemmer, our neophyte left end, and it seemed to me that at least four men were leading the ball carrier. I never did get to see what happened to Red, because I was too busy trying to live. Come to think of it, I don't even remember seeing him again.

After the game, which, incidentally, we lost 6-18, we were gathered around the little railroad station at Tuscaloosa waiting for that long ride back to Knoxville. Believe it or not, most of us were crying, because this was the first loss in three years and it hurt (other things, too, were hurting me). Major (then) Neyland walked over to where I was standing on the edge of the wake, trying to make myself as inconspicuous as possible, put his arm around my shoulders and asked: "What happened today, Herman?"

"Major," I replied, "you told me to get a yard and a half across the line of scrimmage and start a pile-up, and that's what I did."

Shaking his head dolefully, he said, "Yes, son, but I didn't tell you to be under all of them." From that day on I was a guard.

But enough of reveries. The hated Crimson Tide have come out on the field. LET'S GO, TENNESSEE!!

Postscript: This was another mighty memorable afternoon. Final score: Tennessee 6, Alabama 27.



"If they can't say it in front of everyone they shouldn't say it at all!"

# GAME OF THE WEEK:

**WEST VIRGINIA 19  
PENN STATE 14**

by DON A. SCHANCHE

STATE COLLEGE, PA.

Some of the record 32,221 football fans in Beaver Stadium began filing out before the final whistle blew. They knew they had just seen one of the hardest-hitting games in the nation. They also knew that it was over. Undefeated West Virginia had made the touchdown that upset Penn State, 19 to 14.

The Mountaineers opened with just the kind of play Penn State feared—a driving, yard-gaining game topped by an unexpected pass which put them on the Penn State four-yard line less than five minutes after kick-off. That scoring threat was fumbled away, but Mountaineer Quarterback Freddy Wyant led his team back to the one-yard line from which he plunged for a touchdown. The conversion failed, leaving West Virginia with a shaky 6 to 0 lead.

From that point on, the play was as tough as any, anywhere. Each team fumbled four times, but never out of negligence. Tacklers were hitting hard, almost paralyzing ball carriers' arms.

Two West Virginia linemen, Tackle Bruce Bosley and Guard Gene (Beef) Lamone, probably had as much to do with the victory as did Wyant, whose quarterbacking was superb. But it must have been incredibly tiring. Mountaineer Coach Art Lewis, lacking the depth of Penn State, had to play six linemen and his quarterback a full 60 minutes.

For a time it looked as if the Nittany Lions, who get their name from the valley in which Penn State lies, would come through. They scored twice in the second period, once on a pass from Quarterback Don Bailey to Halfback Ron Younker, again on a ground drive which ended with an eight-yard touchdown run by Halfback Lenay Moore. Penn State led 14 to 6, but the comfortable margin lasted only a quarter.

West Virginia took hold once more in the fourth period with a 68-yard running and passing attack which Wyant himself climaxed with a 15-yard touchdown run. Eight plays later, with less than four minutes to go, Halfback Dick Nicholson took a pitch-out from Wyant and ran 40 yards to score the winning touchdown.

If West Virginia can remain even two-thirds as keyed up as it was Saturday, Nicholson's touchdown probably will be remembered as the point at which the Mountaineers started their march to a New Year's Day bowl.



**CHEER LEADERS** knelt in mock prayer as Penn State End Jim Garrity

kicked perfect extra point to gain 7-6 lead midway through second quarter.

Mark Kaufman



**WINNING TOUCHDOWN** by West Virginia Halfback Dick Nicholson was almost

stopped. He was downed short of goal but fell over for the upset victory.

**Next Week:**  
**FOOTBALL AT MIDSEASON**  
**WITH FIVE TOP TEAMS**



## OTHER UPSETS:

PITTSBURGH 21  
NAVY 19



**CRUSHING NAVY.** Pitt End Bob McQuiside took pass from Quarterback Corby

Salvatore and gained 13 yards on play that set up a touchdown two plays later.

ARMY 28  
DUKE 14



**SMASHING DUKE.** Army Back Joe Cygler ran interception back 15 yards.

OHIO STATE 20  
IOWA 14



IOWA'S DEFEAT was still uncertain when Ohio's Dave Leggett lost ground.

ARKANSAS 20  
TEXAS 7



**SHATTERING TEXAS.** Arkansas Back Joe Thomason broke through line for 19

yards during one of drives which gave Arkansas all of its points in first half.

## HICKMAN'S HUNCHES for Games of Saturday, Oct. 23

● **Ohio State vs. Wisconsin.** Both are undefeated, untied and, as yet, uninvited to the Rose Bowl. The winner could well take Greeley's advice and the Big Ten Championship. Stubbornly . . . WISCONSIN.

● **Arkansas vs. Mississippi.** Bowden Wyatt has worked miracles with the Razorbacks to keep them undefeated. The Rebels have run riot over mediocre opposition and can go undefeated by winning this one. So . . . MISSISSIPPI.

● **Southern Cal. vs. California.** The smell of Roses grows sweeter to the Trojans. The waft is fainter at Berkeley. Could be an upset but—SOUTHERN CAL.

● **Michigan State vs. Purdue.** The Spartans lost a heartbreaker to Notre Dame. The Boilermakers were disrupted by Wisconsin's usual second-half surge. Both teams should bounce back. But—MICHIGAN STATE.

● **Rice vs. Texas.** Still potentially the two strongest teams in the Southwest Conference. Texas depth over Moegle and Rice . . . TEXAS.

● **Columbia vs. Army.** Lou Little got his upset over Harvard and has only a ghost of a chance against Army. The Cadets surprised Duke. Easily . . . ARMY.

● **Michigan vs. Minnesota.** In September I picked the Golden Gophers to win their first three games. Michigan could be their fifth. MINNESOTA.

● **Alabama vs. Miss. State.** Don't underestimate this Alabama team. The Maroons are scrappy but thin. ALABAMA.

● **Colorado vs. Nebraska.** Colorado's backs lead the nation in offense. The Cornhuskers are improving but not enough . . . COLORADO.

● **Oklahoma vs. Kansas State.** Kansas bled last week. Kansas State will be tougher but still tender . . . OKLAHOMA.

### ALSO:

Maryland over Miami, Fla. (Fri. Night)

Texas Christian over Penn State

U.C.L.A. over Oregon State

Missouri over Iowa State

Georgia Tech over Kentucky

Yale over Colgate

Southern Methodist over Kansas

Cincinnati over Xavier (Ohio)

Brown over Temple

Navy over Pennsylvania

Duke over N.C. State

Utah over Wyoming

Virginia Tech over Virginia

West Virginia over V.M.I.

Princeton over Cornell

### Last week's hunches:

15 right, 7 wrong, 6 ties  
Record to date: 79-26-3

# The Thing Nobody Can Add to Oil

It is a credit to the whole oil industry that its products have kept pace with the requirements of car manufacturers.

Today's engines, with their high speeds and high compressions, required new oils. In order to develop these motor oils, it proved both necessary and helpful to use certain chemical additives.

These additives can be added to any oil. To very good oil. To very poor oil.

But there is one thing nobody can add to oil: a basic quality. That basic quality, provided by nature, is what really determines the kind of lubrication your motor gets.

That's why we say:

**Today's BEST oils  
start with  
Nature's BEST crude**

Pennsylvania Motor Oils are endowed with outstanding natural toughness.

Skillfully refined from Nature's best crude oil and fortified by carefully selected additives, they stand up longer against the demands of modern engines.

**Keep the power  
you bought**

**INSIST on a brand of**

**PENNSYLVANIA  
Motor Oil**

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE  
CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION  
Oil City, Pennsylvania



have a photograph to play them on.

Al Ameche is by no means living high on the hog, but anybody who thinks he is paying \$85 a month rent and feeding a wife and two children on the \$150-a-year scholarship and \$500-a-year job he is officially marked down with is a little naive. Wisconsin, Williamson and the Western Conference all work under the same high-minded system when it comes to getting and keeping football players. It is so high-minded that only a cad would stoop to investigate possible infractions of the rule. Actually, any gumshoe of Junior G-Man competence could discover evidence of illegal feeding of the animals. However Ivy Williamson and Wisconsin have managed to win ball games, offer a sound education to deserving boys, stay on the good side of Tug Wilson's office, and not spend too much money, all at the same time.

## FIRST A HORSEMAN

Wisconsin got started toward big-time football in 1935, the year the Badgers lost seven out of eight. After some mild dissension as to whether to fire the football coach or the athletic director, the Athletic Board settled things amicably by canning them both. Harry Stuhldreher, one of the famous Four Horsemen of Notre Dame and a big name in football, came in to take both jobs.

Stuhldreher is a dynamic man with charm, energy and ulcers. He got Wisconsin booster clubs started from Minnesota to Ohio. But Harry spread himself too thin. His clubs flooded Madison with run-of-the-mine players, while the real stars, the Chuck Orttrams and their like, snuck off somewhere else and made All America. Harry did not win ball games. Membership in the Good-Bye Harry club became *de rigueur* on campus. Harry left.

The second stage was the hiring of Williamson, a long man with a long face and an administrator who would be top man in any business. He, like his star Ameche, has the capacity to learn and do. He made all-conference end at Michigan in 1932, worked under two head coaches at Yale, spent three years in the Navy, then returned to Yale under a third coach.

"I guess then's when I took a look at myself," he says today, ducking and bobbing shyly behind his desk. "I figured as long as I was a football coach, I ought to try to be a good one."

After a two-year stint at Lafayette College he was ready for the big time. Benny Oosterbaan nosed him out of the Michigan post and the next one

that opened up was Wisconsin. Williamson and his staff draw over \$65,000 a year in salaries alone, and don't do a thing but football, all year round. Williamson gets \$15,000 a year, Milt Bruhn, the line coach, gets \$10,000, and Paul Shaw, ends, Bob Odell, backfield, Fred Marsh, chief scout and George Langheiser, freshman, all draw \$9,000 apiece. Part-time scouts and assistants make up the rest.

They all do a lot of speaking too, even Ivy. "When Ivy goes to an alumni meeting," Uncle Ed says, "he stands up and mumbles for about three minutes, and then he passes out some white cards. 'Here, you fellows write out your questions and I'll try to answer 'em,' he says. Last year half the cards had the same question: Who was the best hack you played against, Paul Giel of Minnesota or Paul Cameron of U.C.L.A.?' Ivy scrapes his foot on the floor, thinks for a minute, and then he looks up with that little smile he's got and says, 'Well, I'd like to have both of 'em here at Wisconsin.' Everybody applauds like hell. They think he's the wittiest man in the State."

Williamson is not coy about the man in his life. He knows very well that Ameche has won games Wisconsin would have lost. Ameche, in turn, knows that it is the superb Williamson defense which gets the ball for him in the first place.

The Wisconsin offense is an Ameche offense, with a few passes thrown in. Williamson has even revived the old single-wing formation, with its massive and obvious concentration of moving bulk, for Ameche. He never gets a lead from center, incidentally. He is under instructions to sit quietly on his hunches until he receives the ball. He then must look at it carefully, making sure that it is genuine and that he really has it in his own two hands, before taking it anywhere. "They think I can't catch the thing," he says bitterly.

## RUNNING FOR DAYLIGHT

Williamson gives The Horse his head completely. Al runs for daylight, cutting in or sweeping wide, wherever an opponent is not. It is the instinctive coordination of eye and foot, the incredible maneuverability, which makes The Horse a constant touchdown threat in addition to a battering-ram.

Ameche is a natural for professional ball. He is up for a commission in the Transportation Corps, but he'd like to make a little money first. Pro football is the only possible way, he figures, that he can get a photograph of his own to play his three albums on.



JIM BRYAN'S WHITE DEAN VAN LINES SPECIAL LAPS KEITH ANDREWS'S JOE HUNT MAGNETO SPECIAL AS RACE NEARS ITS END

PHOTOGRAPH BY

## MOTOR SPORTS

# JIM BRYAN: AAA WINNER

In the roaring dust of the nation's fastest tracks a bold young driver bent out older rivals for the big-car national championship

by ALFRED WRIGHT

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

THE RACING DRIVER who works his way up to the big cars on the AAA National Championship circuit becomes, in the words of veteran Wilbur Shaw, "an integral part of a tornado." Of late, this tornado has swirled into the big time more and more younger drivers who have crowded its fringes and are now pacing the competition to record after record. None has driven faster, farther or more boldly this year than a tall, relaxed, cigar-smoking 28-year-old from Phoenix, Ariz. named Jim Bryan, the insurmountable champion of speed as the 1954 season draws to its close.

Last Sunday at this one-mile dirt track, Bryan moved even further ahead in the AAA point standings (see next page) when he paced the eleventh big race of the year to a typical Bryan victory. With his 350 hp, white "Dean Van Lines Special" running like a Swiss watch, he took the lead in the eighth lap from Jack McGrath and Manuel Ayulo, second and fourth in national point standings. By the time he passed the checkered flag he had lapped everyone but McGrath, whom he led by three-quarters of a mile. He averaged 87 mph for the 100 miles over the dirt surface, and he made it look easy.

But, as usual, it wasn't as easy as it looked. For the last 20 laps, Bryan was wrestling a steering gear so severely strained that it was almost frozen. Blood clotted in his gloves from hands rubbed raw. It was almost like that other race five months ago at Indianapolis, where Jim Bryan showed the kind of stuff that racing drivers must be made of:

He had qualified for a front starting position, out of the suction that drags the field behind the leaders "like newspapers whirling along behind a train." At 200 miles, he was still in front and held the track record for the distance.

He drove with the kind of determination that forces car and driver to the utmost limits of their endurance—a pace that often gives his mechanic and home-town friend Clint Brawner the worried willies. And with 150 miles still to go his car suddenly bucked and lurched nearly out of control. His front spring had snapped; the shock absorbers went a little later and then there was nothing between Bryan and the brick-and-asphalt pavement of the track but screaming tires and bouncing, jarring steel.

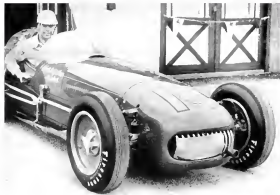
He held the car for mile after mile. The loose front end slammed up and down with pile-driver force. The front wheel bearings were ground to powder. The steering froze. Once the car ran clear off the track but Bryan wrestled it back on. Blood ran down his arms from his shredded hands. The throttle spring broke, and he worked it with his foot. At the end of the race he was barely conscious in the cockpit, his body so battered that most of it was numb. But his average speed had slowed only a few miles per hour to 130 mph since the spring snapped, and he came in second.

Of that nightmarish 150 miles, Bryan will only say that he had all he could do to keep the car under control. He had no time to think of himself; the best drivers never do. "The bricks," he recalls, "were smooth at 150 miles per hour."



**AT THE WHEEL,** Bryan is a taciturn automaton who has endured mishaps which would have crippled many other drivers.

TURN THE PAGE FOR A REVIEW OF THE SEASON BY JOHN BENTLEY



**TWO-TIME WINNER** at Indianapolis was this Kurtis-Kraft Type C car driven by Bill Vukovich. Car has traversed tubular frame. Cost, without engine: \$10,500 to \$12,500.

## REVIEW OF THE YEAR

by JOHN BENTLEY

SINCE the fourth Vanderbilt Cup race in 1908—last of the big American road events for Grand Prix cars—racing in the U.S. has steadily steered away from diversity and the open road in favor of commercialized speed and endurance on the closed-track oval. Similarly, racing has been less and less used as a proving ground for automotive development. Detroit built its own testing grounds, drew its lessons from manufacturing experience, and today concedes few passenger-car improvements to racing beyond the rear-view mirror, the balloon tire and the high-compression engine.

### A TEST OF SKILL

Most of the growing thousands who turn out to watch the professional racing drivers care little that virtually all engines in the sprint, midget and big-car divisions are Meyer & Drake Offenhausers; that Kurtis-Kraft builds most big-car chassis and bodies or that big companies like Firestone tires and Champion spark plugs usually have Indianapolis sewed up between them. As a spectator sport, American racing is primarily a test of one driver's skill against another's; and as such it is a huge success. Its soaring popularity is evident from the prize money alone: \$407,294 for 12 National Championship races and one hill climb last year; \$442,165 for the 11 races run so far in 1954. With two still to go, the total is likely to exceed \$500,000. Attendance

figures are growing in proportion: 356,277 fans watched in 1953, and this year 388,876 have already passed through the turnstiles.

Controlling body and Dutch uncle of paid U.S. motor racing is the American Automobile Association (A.A.A.) Contest Board, a member of the International Automobile Federation (I.A.F.), which in turn governs worldwide racing. The A.A.A. was formed in Chicago back in 1902, when various clubs banded together to standardize the rules of tours, races and hill climbs. The Racing Committee in charge of this work became the Racing Board in 1907 and was renamed the Contest Board a year later.

Yearly, the A.A.A. sanctions some 12 National Championship races and one hill climb—Pike's Peak—held in 10 states, all of which count for points. Of this total, 10 are dirt tracks and three—Indianapolis, Milwaukee and Darlington—have paved surfaces.



**INDY FORERUNNER**, 1909 Ford, won Vanderbilt Cup with Harry Grant.

Scoring is based on an award of two points per mile for the winner, 1.6 points for the second man and 1.4 for the third. Pike's Peak counts as a 100-mile event, of which there are 10.

In addition to the National Championship races with a 270-cubic-inch displacement limit, the A.A.A. controls eastern and midwest sprint races (220 cubic inches) run on half-mile dirt and asphalt tracks; stock-car races, also on half-mile tracks; and the dwindling midget-car races (102 cubic inches).

### GLAMOR BOYS OF THE TRACK

Currently registered with the A.A.A. Contest Board are 247 big-car drivers, 234 stock-car drivers and 194 midget drivers. The glamor boys of the track, however, are those who compete for big purses in the National Championship races. Accidents are fewer but still high—this year, five men were killed, including Master Mechanic Clay Smith, a camshaft specialist and automotive genius who prepared the winning Agajanian Specials at Indy in 1952—but the A.A.A. points with pride to its driver protection. Example: in 100-mile races, a \$28 benevolent fee covers each driver and car owner for up to \$5,000 hospitalization, with a \$40 weekly indemnity for 10 weeks and a further \$25 weekly until the injured can resume work. Of this \$28 fee, the driver and car entrant each pays \$7 and the promoter \$14. In case of a fatal accident, a \$2,500 death benefit is paid to next of kin.

Toting up the dollars this year is Jimmy Bryan, whose 1954 National Championship status already has earned him \$55,650 prize money plus bonuses in nine races. Bryan is now so far ahead in points (2,330) that no one can displace him; but Jack McGrath, 1,220 points, Jimmy Reece and Indianapolis winner Bill Vukovich, tied at 1,000, may get left by that Peruvian bomb, Manuel Ayulo, before the last checkered flag falls at Las Vegas. "Iron Man" Vukie has run only once since his \$75,000 Indianapolis cleanup, and that was at Milwaukee where he didn't finish but still picked up the \$500 appearance money offered to the Indy winner.

Professional racing has become an advertising showpiece for all kinds of automotive parts, fuels and lubricants; but to the fans, trying to disentangle the pea-like similarity of a score of dust-swirling "Specials," it's still the excitement that counts. The drivers alone hold the limelight as they reenact the heroic struggles of the Roman charioteers of old.

# TOP TEN RACES OF 1954

## MAY 31: INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

500 miles; 2½ mile brick & asphalt; crowd 183,000 (est.). Total prize money \$369,675. 38 started—11 finished 200 laps.

1. Bill Vukovich (Fuel Injection Spel) 130.140 mph. 2. Jimmy Bryan (Dean Van Lines Spel). 3. Jack McGrath (Hinkle Spel).

**Earnings & points:** Vukovich \$74,934.84—1900 pts.; Bryan \$13,834.84—800 pts.; McGrath \$26,909.84—700 pts.

**The race:** "Iron Man" Vukovich took the lead late in the race, breaking the speedway record of 138.822 mph. set by Troy Ruttman in 1932. Bryan was one lap behind. First six finishers were all Kurtis-Kraft Offies.



JIMMY BRYAN'S TYPE 8 KURTIS-KRAFT

## JUNE 6: MILWAUKEE, WIS.

100 miles; 1 mile asphalt; crowd 131,725. Total prize money \$25,536. 22 started—19 finished 100 laps.

1. Chuck Stevenson (Agajanian Spel) 97.53 mph. 2. Manuel Ayulo (Schmidt Spel). 3. Jimmy Bryan (Malloy Spel).

**Earnings & points:** Stevenson \$6,338—200 pts.; Ayulo \$3,831—160 pts.; Reece \$2,555—140 pts.

**The race:** Vukovich earned pole position with fastest qualifying speed of over 100 mph. He led for 10 laps but was first out of the race with mechanical trouble.

## JUNE 21: LANGHORNE, PA.

100 miles; 1 mile dirt; crowd 25,000. Total prize money \$13,450. 17 started—7 finished 100 laps.

1. Jimmy Bryan (Dean Van Lines Spel) 97.36 mph. 2. Jimmy Reece (Malloy Spel). 3. Sam Hanks (Bardahl Spel).

**Earnings & points:** Bryan \$3,362.50—200 pts.; Reece \$2,132—160 pts.; Hanks \$1,478.50—140 pts.

**The race:** Joe Sostilio led for 59 of first 60 laps and lapped the entire field before excessive cockpit heat and burned hands forced him into the pit. On 35th lap, Roger Ward's Lube Special struck the back of Frank Arm's Martin Bros. Special, wrecking both cars. Bob Sweikert (Lutes Truck Special) led after Sostilio stopped, but Bryan passed him on 80th lap.

## JULY 5: DARLINGTON, S.C.

200 miles; 1½ mile asphalt; crowd 15,000. Total prize money \$15,000. 39 started—18 finished 200 miles.

1. Manuel Ayulo (Schmidt Spel) 123.012 mph. 2. Jimmy Reece (Malloy Spel). 3. Jimmy Bryan (Dean Van Lines Spel).

**Earnings & points:** Ayulo \$3,750—400 pts.; Reece \$2,250—320 pts.; Bryan \$1,500—280 pts.

**The race:** Ayulo set new record of 123.012 mph. Johnny Parsons, who held previous record of 104.20 mph in 1951, was first to drop out. Bob Scott (Ray Brady Spel) lost control from heat prostration and was killed. Ernie McCoy (Auto Shippers Spel) crashed at northwest wall on lap 87, suffering cuts.

## AUGUST 23: SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

100 miles; 1 mile dirt; crowd 21,606. Total prize money \$16,472.41. 18 started—15 finished 100 laps.

1. Jimmy Davies (Pat Clancy Spel) 92.57 mph. 2. Chuck Stevenson (Agajanian Spel). 3. Don Freeland (Bob Estes Spel).

**Earnings & points:** Davies \$4,118.10—200 pts.; Stevenson \$2,965.05—160 pts.; Freeland \$1,847.24—140 pts.

**The race:** Davies, starting fifth, grabbed the lead on first lap and held it throughout. Stevenson finished two seconds behind. Only two cars made pit stops: Sam Hanks, 1953 A.A.A. champion in Bardahl Special and Jimmy Bryan's Dean Van Lines Special.

## AUGUST 29: MILWAUKEE, WIS.

200 miles; 1 mile asphalt; crowd 27,394. Total prize money \$36,600. 26 started—29 finished 100 laps.

1. Manuel Ayulo (Schmidt Spel) 96.24 mph. 2. Chuck Stevenson (Agajanian Spel). 3. Jimmy Bryan (Dean Van Lines Spel).

**Earnings & points:** Ayulo \$1,760—400 pts.; Stevenson \$4,620—320 pts.; Bryan \$2,772—280 pts.

**The race:** Lead changed hands 12 times in tremendous battle between Ayulo and Stevenson. Latter, low on gas, coasted over finish line. Ayulo had only ¼-inch of gas left in his tank. Winner's speed, purse and crowd attracted both set new records.

## SEPT. 6: GOSHEN, ILL.

100 miles; 1 mile dirt; crowd 8,250. Total prize money \$14,000. 18 started—10 running when race was stopped.

### THE "OFFIE"

Built by the Meyer & Drake Engineering Corp. in Los Angeles, the Offenhauser engine has dominated U.S. professional racing for some 16 years. Its origin was a four-cylinder, 255-cu.-in. engine built by Harry Miller for a private customer in the 20s. Fred Offenhauser acquired Miller's company in the 30s, enlarged the engine to 270 cu. in. and sold out to former Indianapolis champion Lou Meyer and engine expert Dale Drake in 1946. Today, besides the big car class, the "Offie" is built with 220-cu.-in. displacement and as a midjet engine. Cost of standard Indianapolis-type engine: \$6,351.23.

1. Sam Hanks (Belanger Spel) 105.06 mph. 2. Chuck Stevenson (Agajanian Spel). 3. Jimmy Bryan (Dean Van Lines Spel).

**Earnings & points:** Hanks \$3,560—200 pts.; Stevenson \$2,520—160 pts.; Bryan \$1,460—140 pts.

**The race:** Roger Ward (Peter Smith Spel) went out of control on the main stretch, tragically killing Clay Smith, Stevenson's mechanic, and injuring 8. Ward was little hurt but race was stopped. Exact cause of crash unknown.

## SEPT. 6: PIKE'S PEAK, COLO.

12½ mile hill climb; dirt; crowd 10,000 (est.). Total prize money \$10,400. 29 started.

1. Keith Andrews (Joe Hunt Magneto Spel) 51.19 mph. 2. Hugh Thomas (Bardahl Spel). 3. Bob Finney (Bob Frenzell Cars Spel).

**Earnings & points:** Andrews \$3,500—200 pts.; Thomas \$2,500—160 pts.; Finney \$1,500—140 pts.

**The race:** Andrews was last to make climb, delayed by installation of new transmission borrowed from another car. Setting new record, Andrews clipped 35.7 sec. from 1953 time of Louis Unser (known as The Old Man of the Mountain for having won the event eight times).

## SEPT. 13: SYRACUSE, N.Y.

100 miles; 1 mile dirt; crowd 30,000. Total prize money \$15,000. 18 started—10 finished 100 laps.

1. Bob Sweikert (Lutes Truck Spel) 90.03 mph. 2. Don Freeland (Bob Estes Spel). 3. John Tolan (Anderson Spel).

**Earnings & points:** Sweikert \$3,750—200 pts.; Freeland \$2,700—160 pts.; Tolan \$1,500—140 pts.

**The race:** Sweikert took the lead from pole-position man Don Freeland on lap 47 and held it to finish. Refusing pit stop, Sweikert braved possibility of a blowout from a frayed tire. Forced to slow on 85th lap to save rubber, he finished ¼ mile ahead of Freeland.

## SEPT. 18: HOOGIER 100 (INDIANAPOLIS FAIRGROUNDS), IND.

100 miles; 1 mile dirt; crowd 17,876. Total prize money \$23,500. 18 started—9 finished 100 laps.

1. Jimmy Bryan (Dean Van Lines Spel) 84.65 mph. 2. Bob Sweikert (Lutes Truck Parts Spel). 3. Sam Hanks (Belanger Spel).

**Earnings & points:** Bryan \$5,900—200 pts.; Sweikert \$4,248—160 pts.; Hanks \$2,360—140 pts.

**The race:** Bryan finished nursing a badly worn tire. Sweikert and Bryan traded lead twice on 24th lap and three times on 25th. Bryan dropped back, playing a waiting game, but moved under Sweikert at west turn on 40th lap, to take first. Don Freeland's Bob Estes Special crashed into guard rail and flipped; driver escaped injury. Johnny Parsons (Bardahl Special) spun at 50 miles, brushing east-turn guard rail, but was unhurt.



**AUTHOR** meets Russians. From left, Lemert Strandberg of Sweden, who arranged meeting; Canham; Vladimir Filin, assistant Russian coach and State Coach Gabriel Kosobkoff.

## RUSSIANS WILL WIN *continued*

Their 72 athletes and 28 officials (including 18 coaches) had a hotel renovated for their needs. Each night at 10 p.m. the main switch in the hotel was pulled by the Russian in charge. A frantic hotel manager, whose clocks and refrigerators also went off at 10 p.m., was helpless in trying to change the curfew or its methods of enforcement. Other details were as well taken care of, and their purposefulness paid off in some of the best performances in the history of the European meet.

### DON'T DISCOUNT KUC

Of the seven Russians who appear to be the class of the world, Kuc was the most sensational at Bern, beating the great Czechoslovakian Emil Zatopek personally and breaking his 5,000-meter world record in the process. In London Kuc lost by a step to Chris Chataway, but he certainly is not to be written off for that. The race was one of the most incredible in track history, both men finishing five seconds under Kuc's short-lived record.

Almost as remarkable as Kuc at Bern was Mikhail Krivonozov, a tall young man who upset the world record holder, Sverre Strandli of Norway, in the hammer throw, and posted a new world mark of 297 feet 9.75 inches. The Russians had an easy winner in the hop, step and jump when their world record holder (53 ft. 3 1/2 in.) Leonid Shcherbakov defended his European championship without serious competition. In the 400-meter hurdles, they showed probably the best two men in the world. The only surprise was that Yuriy Latuyev, the world record holder at :30.4, lost a close decision to his teammate Anatoli Yulin in the near record time of :30.5.

The fifth event that Russia appears likely to dominate is the decathlon, where Vladimir Kuznetsov, the Euro-

pean champion, has posted the third highest total ever scored in this event. Only the retired Bob Mathias and Bob Richards, who will probably pass up the decathlon and try to repeat in the pole vault, have outscored the Russian.

### OTHER RED THREATS

There were also several other Russian performers at the European Championships who now might well become the best in the world. The most impressive was Ardalion Ignatyev, who won the 400 meters in the excellent time of :46.6—the fastest in the world this year around two turns. He is also an excellent sprinter. Filin, the little man who lost the marathon when he ran the wrong way around the track, could well be the winner at Melbourne. At any rate, he held a 50-year lead on Karvonen of Finland, winner of this year's Boston Marathon, before he made his wrong turn.

The injured Vladimir Kanantsev was regarded as the world's finest 3,000-meter steeplechase runner before he was defeated by Horace Ashenfelter at Helsinki. Still young, he continues to improve.

There were others at Bern who helped give the team great depth: Vladimir Bagreyev has run the equivalent of a 4:05.6 mile; Gregory Basalnev did a remarkable 10,000 meters in 29:45.4; Viktor Kurechavov was close to record time for the 3,000-meter steeplechase with 8:49.0; Yevgeny Bulaichik, fourth in the last Olympics, won the 110-meter hurdles at Bern in :14.4; Deosenko has pole-vaulted 14 feet 6 inches; Otto Grigalka put the shot 36 feet 4 inches; and Vladimir Kuznetsov has a fine javelin throw of 236 feet 6 1/2 inches to his credit.

With all this strength, Russia would probably not be favored to beat the Americans were it not for the help it undoubtedly will get from other nations. Practically every other country

in the world is now turning out its finest athletes in history. In 1949 and 1952, Mal Whitfield, now probably past his peak, dominated the world at 800 meters, but in Bern no less than five European athletes ran the distance faster than Mal has ever covered it.

Our best javelin thrower, Bud Held, seems to be far off form. A 21-year-old Polish athlete, Janusz Sidlo, who has thrown the javelin 259 feet 3 1/2 inches appears to have the greatest potential in this event.

In the 1,500 meters our only hope is Wes Santee. Yet, who would establish him as the favorite over John Landy or Roger Bannister? While Wes could well be the greatest of all time, he faces Marine service prior to the games, and at this time no one can say whether he will get an opportunity to prepare himself for the midwinter Olympics as will his opponents.

Even in events where America has had phenomenal success in the past, we now cannot be so sure of victory. In Ernie Shelton we may have the next world record holder in the high jump. But Ernie himself has said that 20-year-old Bengt Nilsson of Sweden, who jumped 6 ft. 11 in. in September, may well be the first to reach 7 ft.—the "ultimate" in high jumping.

One of our biggest surprises may come in the sprints. Heinz Fütterer of Germany is the finest sprinter ever to come out of Europe and the German sprint relay team has posted times only 3/10ths of a second behind the winning U.S. time in the 1952 Games.

We, on the other hand, will be preparing for the 16th Olympiad in Australia with fewer gold medal prospects than we have had in many years, and the chance of our repeating the 1952 total of 14 winners in men's track and field events is exceedingly remote.

### THE HARD CORE

Only Bob Richards in the pole vault, Horace Ashenfelter in the steeplechase, Parry O'Brien in the shot put, and possibly Sim Iness in the discus throw are conceded good chances of defending individual Olympic championships. There are, however, some bright spots among the newcomers—men like John Bennett in the broad jump, Ernie Shelton in the high jump, Willie Williams in the sprints, Jim Lea of California in the 400 meters, and Arnold Sowell, Pittsburgh, in the 800 meters. They join veterans Andy Stanfield, the 1932 200-meter winner, Fortune Gordien and Jim Dillon in the discus, Jack Davis in the hurdles,

**TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 65**

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE BOULAT  
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



**RUSSIAN TEAM** at Bern games—46 men and 26 women, all in top condition—marched past timekeeper's stairway during opening ceremony (above). Soviet athletes arrived in city 10 days early, devoted most of time to rigorous training.

**SOVIET GIRLS** waiting in stands between events are gaunt—6 ft., 2 in., mannish Aleksandra Chudina (holding javelin), lip-sticked Nina Otalenko, world's fastest woman distance runner, and chunky Nina Chernoschek, signing autograph.





**CONSTANT TRAINING** of Chudina, 31, reputedly the best all-round woman athlete in world, typified discipline of Soviet athletes. Between appearances she worked constantly on splits,

silver, deep knee bends and high kicks. Although Chudina holds world's high-jump record, she managed only tie for fifth in event at Bern but easily swept pentathlon.



**FLOWER-BEARING** hammer thrower, Mikhail Krivonozov, 25, walks from field after a throw of 68.34 meters, one of three new world records set by the Russians in European Games.



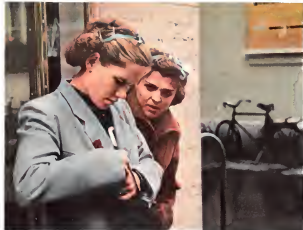
**MUSCULAR WOMAN** discus thrower, Nina Ponomaryeva, whirled up 48.42-meter toss which won but still was almost 30 feet short of world record held by Nina Dambudze, another Russian.





**NEW CHAMPION** Vladimir Kuc, 27-year-old Soviet sailor, signs some autographs over winner's bouquet after outrunning Czechoslovakia's Emil Zatopek and England's Chris Chetaway

in 3,000-meter race. Kuc, an unknown, ran distance in 13:56.6, shaving six-tenths of a second from Zatopek's old world record, also set new three-mile record of 19:27.6 in same race.



**SECOND-STRING** Soviet girls Maria Pisareva, 21, and Galina Vinogradova, 22, leave hotel wearing sweatsuits under street clothes because Bern's Neufeld Stadium lacked locker facilities. In bus on way to stadium, Russian athletes sang song entitled, *There's a Long Road Ahead*.

**HARD LUCK** man of Soviet team, Ivan Filin, former coal miner, sits glumly in stands after getting honorary medal for almost winning marathon. Filin reached stadium first, turned wrong way and lost.



## RUSSIANS WILL WIN *continued*

J. W. Mashorn in the 400 meters.

But many headaches still plague U.S. hopes.

Traditionally about 75% of our Olympic athletes are college youngsters. Our system of selection and preparation for Olympic competition, in contrast to the Soviets', is completely catch-as-catch-can. Athletes are selected through a series of trials held at the end of our college season in June and July. For the coming Olympic Games, the problem of selection and training increases in complexity, as the Games won't be held until November. Ordinarily most of our runners are just beginning to compete in November after a long layoff.

The predicament we find ourselves in is to a great extent of our own making. Our college programs are not inclusive enough to prepare our youngsters properly for Olympic competition. Our A.A.U. programs provide far too little spring and summer competition and virtually nothing for athletes who have graduated from college. The result of the latter is that many of our best men retire even before they reach their peak.

### SERIOUS OVERSIGHTS

The most ridiculous feature of our preparation for Olympic competition is that we scarcely compete at all in six of the Olympic events. It is only during the Olympic year that (in meets other than the National A.A.U. championships) we find the 400-meter hurdles, the 5,000-meter run, the 10,000-meter run, the hop, step and jump, or the steeplechase. Add the fact that the marathon run and even the javelin and the hammer throw are not competed in on a nationwide basis. It is no wonder that we can offer the world no serious competition in 1956 in any of these events, except possibly the javelin throw. Our catch-as-catch-can methods can no longer be expected to function in this day of national emphasis and specialization.

What must be done to prevent hu-

miliation at Melbourne? Several practical steps present themselves.

First, we must select a training site within the United States, either in the Southwest or in Florida, where our athletes can have at least a chance to reach their late-season form for these midwinter games. Like the Russians, our athletes should be given a chance to prepare and train in a climate approximating that which they will find in Australia in November 1956.

Next, we must introduce into our programs all of the standard Olympic events. It is obvious that our present program does not adequately prepare us for world competition.

Third, we must provide a well-organized, expanded postgraduate competitive schedule that will encourage world leaders like Bob Mathias and Charles Moore, Cornell's 400-meter hurdle Olympic champion, to continue their competitive careers.

Finally, we must support our Olympic program by public subscription on a greater scale than ever before. Our increasing problems produce increased expenses, and our traditional method of voluntary public financing and not government subsidy must be maintained and increased in scope. We are not interested in turning the Olympic Games into a political arena or making our team a government propaganda agency. We should, however, use our resources to present to the world a well-trained, well-equipped Olympic squad that is the product of a free system. And we should offer our athletes the chance of meeting the Russians on somewhat of an even basis.

Even if we should organize and act now, we still have no assurance of maintaining our marvelous Olympic Games superiority. One thing is certain, however, and that is unless we in the United States are aware of the seriousness of the Soviet challenge, we face a very strong possibility of suffering our first defeat in the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne, Australia.



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## BASEBALL

### IN CONNIE'S DAYS

The A's weren't always good but nobody minded as long as Mr. Mack was around

by **RED SMITH**



CONNIE MACK

There is a fellow named Si Schultz who grew up in Philadelphia in a day when life was simple. At least, Si says, it was in his neighborhood. As a kid, you always knew where you stood: you were either Irish, a Democrat and a Phillies fan, or you were Jewish, Republican and an Athletics fan. Republicans outnumber Democrats in Philadelphia, so things went well for the Athletics.

Things went well for half a century, then Connie Mack got old. In three different eras he built clubs that are ranked today among the greatest that ever played baseball. For two decades after his last good team faded, the Athletics remained an institution because they were Connie's. Then in 1951 he relinquished active control, and the A's became merely a very bad ball club. Last week the A's almost went to Kansas City. This week they were saved—if that's the right word—for Philadelphia. But they are still a very bad ball club.

Connie Mack had some dreadful ball clubs and never pretended otherwise. You might wonder sometimes how he even endured it, for this courtly, kindly, priestly old man was as fierce a competitor as John McGraw or Joe McCarthy or Leo Durocher. He could

explain that. He'd always been able to dlah it out, and in 1921 he taught himself to take it.

That year the Athletics were running last for the seventh consecutive season. They went to St. Louis and swept a series with the Browns and headed for Chicago, where the White Sox were in a desperate slump. Connie was confident his team would take over seventh place.

The Athletics lost every game in Chicago. When they went to Cleveland, Connie couldn't go along. He had a nervous breakdown. "I told myself after that," he says, "that I'd never let it happen again. I'd always be ready to take the bad with the good."

Connie Mack is in his ninety-second year now, and the chances are he still frets when the team makes a trip without him.

Nothing else made him so angry as to be treated as old or infirm. A dozen or so years ago when the Athletics were training in California they played an exhibition in San Quentin. With several companions, Connie rode up from San Francisco in a limousine on a nippy morning. Somebody suggested rolling up the window lest he take a chill.

"Dammit to hell!" Connie exploded. For many years baseball writers have





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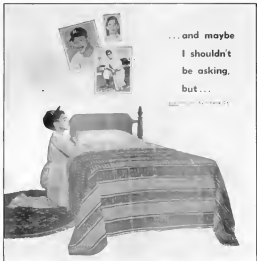
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**KANSAS CITY'S BID** for the Athletics was dramatized by this full-page

...and maybe  
 I shouldn't  
 be asking,  
 but...

ad published in the Kansas City Star by the Heitzberg jewelry chain.

**BASEBALL** continued  
 plainly pretended that his strongest expletive was "Goodness Gracious," but he could always cuss a mule-skinner to shame if the mood was on him. "Dammit to hell!" he hollered. "I'm all right, everybody's always worrying about me. Mrs. Maek says, 'Con, wear your rubbers. Con, put on your overcoat.' So I put on my damn rubbers and I put on my damn overcoat and I go out to the drugstore to get medicine for her."

The car window stayed open. Connie could be generous and domineering and obstinate and considerate and tough as an old boot in a business transaction and patient beyond belief. Into what would be a doddering age for other men, he could out-think any adversary in his sleep.

One of his terrible wartime teams was leading Cleveland when the Indians put runners on second and third base with one out. When the Indian on third was trapped in a run-up, Lou Boudreau, the runner on second, advanced to third and waited while Hal Wagner, the Philadelphia catcher, chased the other man back to the bag. Finding the base occupied by his manager, the runner trotted on out the left field line, where Wagner tagged him, having first tagged Boudreau.

The Athletics made a perfunctory argument for a double play but the umpires called Boudreau safe since he was standing on the base when tagged. Then Connie poked his head out of the dugout and beckoned Joe Rue, the umpire, scampered in obediently.

"Er, Mr. Grieve," Connie began politely, although Willie Grieve, another umpire, wasn't near Cleveland that night. "Mr. Grieve, don't you think that the moment that other man stepped back of third base, Boudreau was closer to the plate and therefore is out for passing another runner? Then the other man was tagged in left field, so they're both out."

It was so ruled. In the whole ball park, only Connie could get the play right and the umpire's name wrong.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

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# SCOREBOARD

# A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

## RECORD BREAKERS

● **Chris Chataway**, British brewery executive, set new world's record of 13:51.6 for 5,000-meter run at Moscow vs. London Track and Field Meet, in London. Chataway's mark bettered 13:56.6 time set this August by Russia's Vladimir Kuc, whom Chataway beat by stride in race. ● **Taty Litayev** of Russia set new world's record of 51.3 for 440-yard hurdles in same meet. Litayev's time was .3 seconds better than old record held by Chaelle Moore of U.S. ● **Starmont Stables'** two-

year-old filly, **Vestment**, broke 59-year-old world's record for six-furlong straightaway, covering distance in 1:07.4/5 down Belmont Park's Widener chute. ● **Wisconsin Bridge** five-man team bowled new national three-game match-play record of 3,392 to better old mark of 3,368 set by Detroit's world match-play champion Stroh Beer Team, at Milwaukee. ● **Lehigh University's** 48 points in losing to Bucknell 48-46 last week was recognized as highest score ever made by loser in football.

## FOOTBALL

**Army** continued comeback from opening-game defeat by South Carolina, upsetting Duke, ranked sixth nationally, 28-14. Cadet backs piled up 378 yards rushing, with quarterback Pete Vann scoring twice, right halfback **Tommy Bell** rolling up 130 yards in 13 attempts running.

**Pittsburgh**, beaten in first three games, capitalized on two fumbles, topped Navy from undefeated ranks 21-19. Pittsburgh quarterback **Corny Salvestra** passed for one touchdown, ran for Panthers' other two.

**West Virginia** remained unbeaten with surprising 19-14 win over favored Penn State. Mountaineers came from behind, scoring twice in last quarter.

**Oklahoma**, ranked No. 1 in nation, trampled hapless **Kansas** 45-6. Sooners used every man on squad but substitutes proved just as formidable as regulars. Coach Bud Wilkinson's team made 385 yards rushing, held entire Kansas offense to 60 yards.

**U.C.L.A.** entered claim as Pacific Coast powerhouse with 72-0 victory over Stanford. Left halfback **Primo Villanueva** accounted for two touchdowns.

**Southern California** hosted Rose Bowl hopes with 24-14 win over Oregon. **Jon Arnett** scored all three Southern Californian touchdowns while Trojan defense bottled up Oregon's star passer, **George Shaw**.

**Wisconsin**, ranked second in nation, had to come from behind with three touchdowns in second half to down Purdue 20-6.

**Minnesota** stayed unbeaten with 19-6 victory over disappointing Illinois.

**Ohio State** kept pace with Minnesota and Wisconsin in race for Big Ten honors beating Iowa 20-14.

**Notre Dame** squashed by Michigan State 20-19 in mud and rain. Notre Dame fell behind 13-9 in first quarter but Irish backs **Joe Heap**, who made two touchdowns, and **Dan Schaefer** led team to victory.

**Yale** established itself as tops in Ivy League, crushing Cornell 47-21, amassing over 500 yards gained on offense.

**Philadelphia Eagles**, **San Francisco 49ers** and **Detroit Lions** remained only undefeated teams in National Football League. Eagles beat Washington Redskins 49-21 as **Adrian Baker** tied league record throwing seven touchdowns passes to pace Eagle attack. **San Francisco** squeezed by Chicago Bears 31-24. Detroit, defending champion, routed Baltimore 35-0.

## RODEO

**Madison Square Garden Rodeo** in New York ended with following winners: Saddle bronc riding: **Cassy Tibbs**, Fort Pierre, S.D. (Deb Copenhaver, dueling Tibbs for

national honors in bronc riding—**Sl**, Oct. 18, was hampered by badly twisted knee, finished fifth). Bareback bronc riding: **Berk Rutherford**, Lenape, Okla.; calf roping: **Buddy Groff**, Bandera, Tex.; steer wrestling: **Gene Pruett**, Ozark, Ark.; Brahman bull riding: **Jim Shoulders**, Henryetta, Okla.; wild horse race: **Kent Fillingham**, Fort Worth, Tex.

## HORSE RACING

**King Ranch's High Gun** with **Eddie Arcaeo** up galloped to three-length triumph over C. V. Whitney's **Fisherman** in two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup race, at Belmont Park. High Gun's win earned \$55,150 for owner **Robert Kleberg Jr.**, made High Gun top money horse for 1954 with \$314,550.

Rejected, another **King Ranch** horse, won Hawthorne Gold Cup, worth \$61,550 to owner **Kleberg**, at Cicero, Ill.

**Killian Farm's Resilient**, finished first in Canadian Championship, richest Canadian race, at Long Branch track, Toronto. King Maple was second to Resilient whose purse was \$23,075.

**Cain Hoy Stable's Flying Fury** won 84th running of Champagne Stakes, nation's oldest race for two-year-olds, at Belmont. Flying Fury, sired by **Nazrullah**, paid \$37.50.

**Le Moussaillon II**, ridden by **Ann Waugh**, 23, won 288-year-old Newmarket Town Plate Race at Newmarket, England.

For amateurs only, four-mile race is only one on Britain turf calendar which permits girls to replace professional jockeys.

**Never Say Die**, American-owned and bred winner of Epsom Derby and Doncaster St. Leger Stakes, retired to become England's highest-priced stallion. Fee: \$1,470.

## BOXING

**Carmen Basile**, Cannotsota, N.Y. welterweight, became top choice to fight winner

of welterweight title fight between champion **Kid Gavilan** and **Johnny Saxton**, when Basile clearly outpointed 17-5 underdog **Allie Gronik** of Detroit in ten rounds at Syracuse.

**Floyd Patterson**, Brooklyn contender for light-heavyweight championship, took another step toward title fight, outpointing **Esau Ferdinand** of San Francisco in eight rounds at New York. Victory was former Olympic champion's 16th in 17 fights.

**Clarence Henry**, Philadelphia heavyweight under indictment in New York for attempting to bribe middleweight **Bobby Jones** of Oakland, Calif. to throw fight to **Joey Giardello** last June, underwent eye surgery which definitely ended ring career.

## BASBALL

**Philadelphia Athletics** stayed in Philadelphia after last-minute negotiations by local nine-man syndicate, headed by supermarket executive (Food Fair Inc.) **Arthur Rosenberg**, raised approximately \$4 million to buy out Mack family, keep A's at home. Deal stopped attempt by Chicago businessman **Arnold Johnson** to purchase A's, transfer team to Kansas City.

**Philadelphia Phillies** signed **Mayo Smith**, 39, manager of Birmingham Barons for past two seasons, to run club in 1955, replacing **Terry Moore**.

**Elston Howard**, 25-year-old Negro catcher, was bought by **New York Yankees** from Toronto, appeared likely to be first Negro to wear Yankee uniform.

## AUTO RACING

**Jimmy Bryan**, 27, of Phoenix, won 100-mile big-car race and set new track record for course at California State Fair Grounds, at Sacramento.

## TENNIS

**Tony Trabert** of Cincinnati won men's singles championship of Pan-American tennis tournament, beating Mexican champion **Mario Llamas** in finals 2-6, 6-2, 6-2, 6-2, at Mexico City. Earlier, railway clerk **Llamas** outstayed tennis circles by defeating U.S. singles champion **Vic Seixas** in straight sets, and **Art Larsen** in four sets.

**Mrs. Beverly Baker Flets**, of Belmont Shore, Calif., top-seeded, defeated second-seeded **Barbara Breit** of North Hollywood, Calif. 7-5, 8-6 for women's singles title.

## TRACK AND FIELD

**Russian** track and field team swamped held British athletes in two meets. Against all-London team **Russian** men won 103-57, women triumphed 56-32, at London. Russians won 16 of 25 events in meet against Britain's northern counties, at Manchester.

## FOOTBALL'S TOP TEN

(Values of the Associated Press without poll)  
Team standing, with points figured on a 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 basis (first place value is parentheses)

	Points
1—Oklahoma (115)	1,853
2—Wisconsin (42)	1,712
3—U.C.L.A. (23)	1,590
4—Ohio State (3)	1,387
5—Mississippi (8)	903
6—Notre Dame	787
7—Arkansas (4)	726
8—Minnesota	638
9—Army	487
10—West Virginia (5)	250

RECORDS—11, California (25); 12, Alabama (56); 13, Purdue (34); 14, Virginia Tech (102); 15, Georgia Tech (84).

Only comfort for British: Gordon Pirie out-ran Russia's Aleksander Annafiev by 40 yards in grueling three-mile race.

Henry Laskau of New York led all the way to win national 20,000-meter walking title for third straight year, at Providence.

## PENTATHLON

Bjorn Thofelt of Sweden won modern pentathlon title, scoring 4,634.5 points to 4,529 for runner-up Werner Vastorff of Switzerland, at Budapest. Latvian Siondy of Hungary took third. Ensign William J. Andre was high man for U.S., finishing eighth. Team championship went to Hungary.

## DOG RACING

John Prevatt's greyhound Mlejojan equalled world's record for 657-yard course, winning \$25,000 American Greyhound Derby, at Taunton, Mass. Time: 38.2. Milam Light, owned by A. Lee Sparks, and Dancing Maid, owned by Myron A. Haughn, were runner-up.

## HORSE SHOWS

Hi-Mack, owned by Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Hoppe of Farmington, Conn., topped field as champion of Avon Old Farm Hunter Trials, biggest working hunter event in New England, at Avon, Conn. Hi-Mack scored 17½ points, also captured open hunter competition.

## HOCKEY

Montreal Canadiens held slight lead over Detroit Red Wings as National Hockey League season moved into third week. New York Rangers, playing surprisingly better than expected, were third. Woeful Chicago Black Hawks were unable to win any of first five games.

## FISHING

William Austin of San Antonio won Port Aransas, Tex., tarpon rodeo with 5'2" tarpon taken in 20-30 test line class. Runner-up: R. A. Ellison of Dallas, 3'1" tarpon in 12-20 test line class.

## MILEPOSTS

BORN—To Eddie Stanky, St. Louis Cardinal manager, and Mrs. Stanky, a son, Dan, their fourth child.

DIED—Ralph L. Sasse, 65, Army football coach 1929-1933; after long illness, in Rehoboth Beach, Del. Col. Sasse, 1910 West Point graduate, led four cadet teams to 20-9-4 record, also coached at Mississippi State 1935-1938.

DIED—Walter Hoike, 61, National League first baseman 1914-1926; in St. Louis.

DIED—George Waldron Elder, 61, commodore of International Star Class Yacht Racing Association; in Bellport, N.Y. Elder frequently conducted annual world's championships in U.S. and abroad as chairman of International Race Committee.

DIED—Mrs. William L. Hirst, noted horsewoman and fox hunter; after long illness, in Point Pleasant, N.J. Former Marian Holloway, she was first woman to ride over jumps in National Horse Show.

## HOW 200 U.S. COLLEGE TEAMS FARED LAST WEEK

### EAST

Aard 32-12-Albany 9	Marquette 18-11-Corn 24
Amherst 33-Cornell 12	Morg. State 20-Rose 7
Bates 7-Hobbs 7	Muhlenberg 10-Lib 10
Boston 27-Vassar 12	Princeton 28-Adelphi 12
Boston U. 41-Syracuse 19	Penn. St. 35-Brooklyn 13
Brown 25-Penn. St. 20	Pittsburgh 21-Navy 15
Buchanan 20-Temple 6	Shake Island 32-Mercy 6
Camp 17-15-Cornell 7	Springfield 40-Kent 10
Cornell 12-Cornell 7	Swarth 21-Harvard 12
Columbia 3-Harvard 5	Tenn. 24-52-Louisiana 6
Dartmouth 18-N. Hamp. 13	Tufts 24-Cat 14
F. M. 32-Dartmouth 7	Union 27-R. I. 6
Harvard 32-Penn. 20	Yale 31-Cornell 21
Iowa 27-S. I. 10	
J. H. 34-Ram 32	
J. H. 34-Ram 32	
Lehigh 20-Strickland 6	
St. John 20-Strickland 6	
St. John 20-Strickland 6	

### SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Alabama 17-Tennessee 7	Florida 21-Kentucky 7
Arkansas 20-Texas 7	Fla. 21-Kentucky 7
Army 28-Oaks 4	Florida 21-Kentucky 7
Baylor 14-Washington 7	Georgia 16-Indiana 14
Chattanooga 20-Tex 18	Georgia Tech 14-Auburn 7

Georgetown 14-Louisiana 9	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
S. C. 20-Texas Tech 10	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Marquette 18-11-Corn 24	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Maryland 33-Cornell 12	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Maryland 33-Cornell 12	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Maryland 33-Cornell 12	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Maryland 33-Cornell 12	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Maryland 33-Cornell 12	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Maryland 33-Cornell 12	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Maryland 33-Cornell 12	Missouri 25-Missouri 7

### WEST

Akron 18-Mt. Union 7	Michigan 27-Kentucky 7
Boise 21-Idaho 10	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Boise 21-Idaho 10	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Boise 21-Idaho 10	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Boise 21-Idaho 10	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Boise 21-Idaho 10	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Boise 21-Idaho 10	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Boise 21-Idaho 10	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Boise 21-Idaho 10	Missouri 25-Missouri 7
Boise 21-Idaho 10	Missouri 25-Missouri 7

### PACIFIC

Arizona 25-Wash. 12	North 21-Mt. Union 7
Cal 17-Wash. 12	North 21-Mt. Union 7
Cal 17-Wash. 12	North 21-Mt. Union 7
Cal 17-Wash. 12	North 21-Mt. Union 7
Cal 17-Wash. 12	North 21-Mt. Union 7
Cal 17-Wash. 12	North 21-Mt. Union 7
Cal 17-Wash. 12	North 21-Mt. Union 7
Cal 17-Wash. 12	North 21-Mt. Union 7
Cal 17-Wash. 12	North 21-Mt. Union 7
Cal 17-Wash. 12	North 21-Mt. Union 7

## (Professionals)

## NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

### EASTERN DIVISION

1. Philadelphia 10	Washington 49-21	3. Pittsburgh 13-17	4. Cleveland 13-17
2. New York 10	Chicago 10	5. Cincinnati 13-17	6. Baltimore 13-17

### WESTERN DIVISION

1. Detroit 13-17	San Francisco 13-17	3. Chicago 13-17	4. Los Angeles 13-17
2. San Francisco 13-17	Chicago 13-17	5. Cleveland 13-17	6. Baltimore 13-17

## OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

### BASKETBALL

A.S.A. Riders, Houston, Tex., over Philadelphia A.S. Stars, 20-15 and tournament Houston.

### BASEBALL

AL STILLER, Chicago, 104-m. race in \$34.26, St. Louis.

### BOXING

BOBBY DYKES, 35-round decision over Ted Oke middleweights New York.  
 RICHARD CARLEO, 8-round decision over Chuck Pika, welterweights Detroit.  
 ARNOLD BROWN, 10-round split decision over Virgil Alton, welterweights, New Orleans.  
 BILL BRESLIN, 8-round split decision over Perry Smith, lightweights, New York.  
 JAMES GOINS, 10-round decision over Bobo Mathis, lightweights, Tucson, Ariz.  
 ROBERT SMITH, 10-round decision over Carl Goddard, featherweights, Los Angeles.

### BOGS

EDDIE CAISAR, owned by Morton Kallay, W. Hartford, Conn., beaten open shooting dog trials, Canton, N.J.

### FOOTBALL

Edmonton 10-British Col 3  
 Montreal 40-Hamilton 11  
 Regina 19-Ogema 8  
 Toronto 27-Galt 13

### HARNESS RACING

QUICK CURE, 1:18.75 Twin Falls, Idaho, 2-year-old pacer, 1 m. by 7 furlongs, in 2:53, Yorkville, N.Y. July 1944, driver, driver.

### HOCKEY

1. Montreal 10	2. Detroit 10	3. Chicago 10	4. New York 10
5. Boston 10	6. Philadelphia 10	7. Pittsburgh 10	8. Washington 10

### HORSE RACING

LAYRIDER HILL, \$61,500 Ladies Handicap, 1½ m., by 1½ lengths, in 2:27, Belmont Park, N.Y. Stanley Small.  
 RYAN'S JET, \$38,325 Alcoholic Stakes, 1½ m., by 4 lengths, in 2:27, Keeneland, Lexington, Ky. William Blum.  
 HILZ CLEMENTINE, \$18,750 California Derby, 1½ m., by 2½ lengths, in 1:45 (track record) Fantasy, San Francisco, Cal., by John Longenecker.  
 BLUE SPARKLER, \$13,300 Wanda Stakes, 1 m., 70 lbs., by 4 lengths, in 1:46½, Garden State Park, Camden, N.J. by John Longenecker.  
 HILZ CLEMENTINE, \$13,300 Wanda Stakes, 1 m., 70 lbs., by 4 lengths, in 1:46½, Garden State Park, Camden, N.J. by John Longenecker.  
 STAR, \$12,750 Turf Cup Handicap, 1½ m., by 2½ lengths, in 1:51, Laurel Hill (Turf) Heston up.

### POLO

FARRINGTON, Conn., over Fairfield, 5-4, Natl. 12-goal championship, Haverhill, N.Y.

### SOCCER

America League  
 Philadelphia 3-Baltimore 3  
 Brooklyn 3-Philadelphia 3  
 Brooklyn 3-Philadelphia 3  
 Newark 3-Philadelphia 3

### STEEPLECHASE

SHIFFORD, \$25,000 Grand Natl. Steeplechase, about 3 m., by 2½ lengths, in 5:42, Belmont Park, N.Y. Albert Post up.

### TENNIS

JOHN TRAHERT and VIC SEJAS, U.S., over Sven Godman and Lennart Berggren, 6-4, 6-4, 6-1, Pan-American tennis doubles, Mexico City.  
 CARLOS LARRO and GILBERTO CHENY, U.S., over Mario Bonaldi and Martha Hernandez, 2-6, 6-3, 6-1, Pan-American women's doubles, Mexico City.

### TRACK & FIELD

RED CORBETT, New York, beat AAU open marathon, in 2:35.50, Detroit.

### WRESTLING

THOMAS KNOX, U.S., new world record of 213.7 pounds for low-back press, Lill, France.



## COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

### October 22 through 28

#### FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22

##### Baseball

World championships begin, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

##### Boxing

● Floyd Patterson vs. Joe Gannon, light-heavyweights, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y. (8 rds.) 10 p.m. (NBC).

##### Dogs

English Setter Club of America trials, Medford, N.J.

##### Football

Denver vs. Wichita, Denver (N)  
Detroit vs. Tulsa, Detroit (N)  
Geo. Washington vs. Wm. & Mary, Washington, D.C. (N)  
Miami vs. Maryland, Miami, Fla. (N)

##### Hockey

American Hockey League  
Pittsburgh Hornets vs. Springfield Indians, Pittsburgh.

##### Steeplechase

Temple Dwarthney Handicap, \$15,000, 2 1/4 m., 4-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

#### SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23

##### Baseball

N.Y. Knickerbockers vs. College All-Stars, Harlem Globe Trotters vs. Washington Generals, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y., 1:30 & 7:30 p.m.

##### Boxing

● Jimmy Martinez vs. Pedro Gonzales, middleweights, Phoenix, Ariz. (10 rds.) 9 p.m. (ABC)

##### Dogs

Natl. Red Setter Field Trial Club championship, Petersburg, Ont.

##### Football

(Leaving college games)  
EAST  
Boston College vs. Springfield, Boston.  
Brown vs. Temple, Providence, R.I.  
Columbia vs. Army, New York  
Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Cambridge, Mass.  
● Holy Cross vs. Boston U., Worcester, Mass., 1:00 p.m. (ABC—New England area\*) Men to watch: Holy Cross's Jack Shephard (18) & Boston U.'s Tom Gastall (21)  
Pennsylvania vs. Navy, Philadelphia  
● Pittsburgh vs. Northwestern, Pittsburgh, 1:25 p.m. (ABC—New England, west of Denver blacked out\*) Men to watch: Pittsburgh's Henry Ford (17) & Northwestern's John Boarden (25)  
Princeton vs. Cornell, Princeton, N.J.  
Tale vs. Colgate, New Haven, Conn.  
SOUTH & SOUTHWEST  
Alabama vs. Miss. State, Tuscaloosa, Ala.  
Arkansas vs. Mississippi, Little Rock, Ark.  
Auburn vs. Florida State, Auburn, Ala.  
Baylor vs. Texas A&M, Waco, Tex.  
Georgia Tech vs. Kentucky, Atlanta  
LSU vs. Florida, Baton Rouge, La. (N)  
N. Carolina State vs. Duke, Raleigh, N.C. (N)  
● Rice vs. Texas, Houston, Tex., 2:15 p.m. (ABC).  
SMU vs. Kansas, Dallas, Tex.  
Tennessee vs. Dayton, Knoxville, Tenn.  
TCU vs. Penn State, Fort Worth, Tex.  
Tulane vs. Georgia, New Orleans  
Virginia Tech vs. Virginia, Roanoke, Va.  
WEST  
Illinois vs. Syracuse, Champaign, Ill.  
Indiana vs. Iowa, Bloomington, Ind.  
Marquette vs. Fordham, Milwaukee  
Michigan vs. Minnesota, Ann Arbor, Mich.  
Michigan State vs. Purdue, E. Lansing, Mich.  
Missouri vs. Iowa State, Columbia, Mo.

● Ohio State vs. Wisconsin, Columbus, Ohio, 1:45 p.m. (Mutual-NBC)  
Oklahoma vs. Kansas State, Norman, Okla.  
Oklahoma A&M vs. Hardin Simmons, Odessa, Tex. (N)

##### FAR WEST

● Brigham Young vs. Montana, Provo, Utah, 3:45 p.m. (ABC—Rocky Mt. & Pacific Coast areas\*) Men to watch: Brigham Young's Phil Oyler (33) & Montana's Dick Iener (40)  
● Cal of Pac vs. Texas Tech, Slackton, Calif. (N)  
Colorado vs. Nebraska, Boulder, Colo.  
Oregon vs. San Jose State, Eugene, Ore.  
Oregon State vs. U.C.L.A., Corvallis, Ore.  
S. Carolina vs. California, Los Angeles  
Stanford vs. Washington, Palo Alto, Calif.  
Washington State vs. Idaho, Pullman, Wash.  
Wyoming vs. Utah, Laramie, Wyo.

##### (Professional)

Natl. Football League  
● Pittsburgh Steelers vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Pittsburgh (N), 8 p.m. (Du Mont—18 stations\*)  
Canadian League  
British Columbia Lions vs. Winnipeg Blue Bombers, Vancouver  
Edmonton Eskimos vs. Regina Rough Riders, Edmonton  
Hamilton Tiger-Cats vs. Ottawa Rough Riders, Hamilton  
● Toronto Argonauts vs. Montreal Alouettes, Toronto, 1:45 p.m. (NBC).

##### Hockey

Natl. Hockey League  
Detroit Red Wings vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Detroit  
Montreal Canadiens vs. N.Y. Rangers, Montreal  
Toronto Maple Leafs vs. Boston Bruins, Toronto  
American Hockey League  
Cleveland Barons vs. Pittsburgh Hornets, Cleveland  
Nerdsby Bears vs. Buffalo Bisons, Hershey, Pa.  
Springfield Indians vs. Providence Reds, Springfield, Mass.

##### Horses

Pennsylvania Natl. Horse Show, Harrisburg, Pa.

##### Horse Racing

● Trenton Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J., 4 p.m. (CBS)  
Selma Stakes, \$30,000, 1 1/16 m., 2-yr.-old fillies, Laurel, Md.  
Coronet Handicap, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Sires & mares, Jamaica, N.Y.  
Bend Sin, Futurity, \$25,000, 7 f., 2-yr.-olds, Keeneland, Lexington, Ky.

##### Seiling

Frigid Oyl regatta, Baltimore, Y.C., Md.  
Teddy Roosevelt regatta, Santa Cruz Y.A. Club.

#### SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24

##### Auto Racing

N.A.S.C.A.R. 100 m. Grand Natl., N. Wilkesboro, N.C.  
SAC sports car races, Turner FFB, Albany, Ga.  
Spanish Grand Prix, Barcelona, Spain

##### Baseball

Syracuse Nationals vs. College All-Stars, War Memorial, Syracuse, N.Y.

##### Football

Natl. Football League  
Baltimore Colts vs. Green Bay Packers, Baltimore.  
● Chicago Cardinals vs. Cleveland Browns, Chicago, 2 p.m. (ABC—Chicago, N.Y., blacked out, Du Mont—111 stations\*)  
Los Angeles Rams vs. Chicago Bears, Los Angeles.  
● N.Y. Giants vs. Washington Redskins, New York, 2 p.m. (Du Mont—New England area\*)

\*See local TV listing

● San Francisco 49ers vs. Detroit Lions, San Francisco, 5 p.m. (Du Mont—Detroit area\*)

##### Hockey

Natl. Hockey League  
N.Y. Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, New York  
American Hockey League  
Buffalo Bisons vs. Pittsburgh Hornets, Buffalo, N.Y.  
Providence Reds vs. Cleveland Barons, Providence, R.I.

##### Soccer

American League  
Brookhattan-Galva vs. Teatons Americas, Zerega Oval, Bronx, N.Y.  
Kakahi vs. Baltimore Rockets, Brooklyn Soccer Field, N.Y.  
Newark Portuguese vs. Brooklyn Nagano, Harrison, N.J.  
Philadelphia United vs. New York Americans, Philadelphia.

##### Track & Field

Natl. A.A.U. 25 m. marathon, Berkeley, Calif.

#### MONDAY, OCTOBER 25

##### Boxing

● Johnny Bratten vs. Chico Varona, welterweights, 10 rds., N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont)  
● Carmelo Costa vs. Rudy Garcia, featherweights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC)  
Sandy Saddler vs. Ray Famechon, featherweights (non-title), Palais des Sports, Paris (10 rds.).

##### Football

Canadian League  
British Columbia Lions vs. Regina Rough Riders, Vancouver  
Edmonton Eskimos vs. Winnipeg Blue Bombers, Edmonton

##### Seiling

Hawanan International Regatta, Waikiki, Y.C., Honolulu

#### TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26

##### Boxing

Yoshie Shirai vs. Pascual Perez, for world flyweight title, Tokyo (15 rds.).

#### WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27

##### Boxing

● Del Flanagan vs. Maurice Harper, welterweights, Westland Arena, San Francisco (30 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS)

##### Golf

Texas-Oklahoma Cup P.G.A., Oklahoma City & C.C., Oklahoma City.

##### Hockey

Natl. Hockey League  
Toronto Maple Leafs vs. Montreal Canadiens, Toronto  
N.Y. Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, New York  
American Hockey League  
Cleveland Barons vs. All-Stars, Hershey, Pa.

##### Horse Racing

Interborough Handicap, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Jamaica, N.Y.  
Camdeneshire Handicap, 1 1/4 m., Newmarket, England.

#### THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28

##### Horse Racing

Yankee Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Suffolk Downs, E. Boston, Mass.  
Jockey Club Cup, 2 1/4 m., Newmarket, England.

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### KEY TO SYMBOLS

BO—season opened (or opened); SC—season closed (or closed); SV—season varies by district or water.  
C—clear water; D—water dirty or rilly; M—water muddy.  
N—water at normal height; SH—slightly high; H—high; VH—very high; L—low; R—rising; F—falling.  
W—water temperature 50°.  
FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OG—outlook good; OP—outlook poor.



A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

**BLACK BASS:** OREGON: Willamette River L, C, FG in Salem area with bigmouths to eight pounds partial to surface plugs; OG until rains raise and rise river.

PENNSYLVANIA: Hazel filled long-low Pyramiding, Tientsin and Youngbush reservoirs and OG as bass recover from asphyxiation. Allegheny River still H, O but OG as runoff passes.

FLORIDA: Lake Oklawaha and Tamiami Canal producing largemouths to seven pounds but average is 3½ pounds; worms, crickets and cut shrimp baits favored by local talent but city slickers doing well with bann-bugs and pepper plugs.

CALIFORNIA: LAKERS moving out of deep holes in lower Colorado River reservoirs and starting to hit surface plugs.

MISSOURI: James River was up two feet last week but should be right for floating now, and clear. Lake Taneycomo N, C, OG but a heavy rain could cause it.

TENNESSEE: Norris Lake spy says smallmouths taking minnows briskly off shallow banks. Some largemouth action on Louisa but generally FP; best bass bet in middle Tennessee still Center Hill.

NORTH CAROLINA: Santee and Fontana lakes producing well, and OG until cold weather.

NEW MEXICO: Cabello, Conchos and Elephant Butte lakes providing fair action on plugs; deer season is taking pressure off most state waters.

**STEELHEAD TROUT:** OREGON: New run of steelies showed up last week in lower Rogue River above Gold Beach and OG from Grant's Pass to Galice; river SH but C, and standard steelhead patterns on #6 and #8 hooks should get results.

CALIFORNIA: Best bet in Trinity River near Weaverville, with big fish due after one good run. Upper Klamath reports spotty.

BETHLEHEM: Stamp River H, FF but should improve. A run of big bright fish reported at Spaw's Bridge on South Thompson River; OG next 10 days.

**TROUT:** MONTANA: SC Nov. 15 on most streams but, except in middle of rare warm days, there's little trout action.

ONTARIO: Providence Bay and Blaisy Creek (Manitoulin Island) report OG for rainbows, with season open until Nov. 30. Nottawasaga, Sturgeon and Thornbury rivers in southern Ontario producing good creeks of rainbows and OG.

CALIFORNIA: Unseasonable hot spell slowed Sierra fly-fishing last week below 7,000 feet but high lakes are producing surely. Best bets on cut shap are upper Owens and Rock creek, Hilton lakes, and lakes off Tioga Pass road. Kern River above Isabella Dam is hot and OG next 10 days. Upper Sacramento and McCloud rivers are top prospects in northern California. NEVADA: Upset of week is Pyramid Lake near Reno, with over 100 rainbows to eight pounds

reported. Believed troutless since droughts of '40s, lake was apparently restocked with Truckee trout during floods three years ago.

COLORADO: Five-pound rainbow reported from Geahly Reservoir last week; Gunnison River (Gunnison area) L, C, FF, OG; East, Tenside and Cabela creeks VL, FG with fish, FF with bait, OG.

IDAHO: Salmon River and tributaries producing good creek with brown woolly worm (favored fly); Snake River at Thousand Springs still good; San Valley area, Little Wood and Big Wood rivers, middle fork of Payette and Little Salmon. (Trout SC Oct. 31.)

MICHIGAN: Run of rainbows has started on the Betsey River, with tightroppers and Colorado spinners taking fish to 4½ pounds.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: FG in coastal streams as cutthroats hit along after incoming salmon. Salmon, Oyster, Qualicum and Cowichan rivers are top prospects.

NEW MEXICO: Cutthroat and rainbows coming well to bait and flies on Charette lakes (in Turkey Mountains, NW of Wagon Mound). High meadows (treacher by land) above Cowles in Pecos River area producing good Rock Levers and rainbows on fly and bait, but middle and lower river (just-on). Big browns still showing in upper Rio Grande (Taos area), and OG.

MUSKELLUNGE: WISCONSIN: Nasty weather kept most muskies on the water last week, but surfer-crankers in Couderay and Round lakes (Hayward area) took a few smallish fish.

WICHITA: Cold rain kept most Lake St. Clair fishermen on shore last week. OG however through October if weather clears.

PACIFIC SALMON: OREGON: Recent rains along coast have given salmon fishing a shot in the arm. Silvers and chinooks are in good numbers in Netartsu River and Bay, with best lures mooched herring in lower bay, flatfish and spinners in upper bay and rivers.

CALIFORNIA: SP anglers were taking limits of chinook to 46 pounds from millpondish Golden Gate water last week and OG next two weeks.

BETHLEHEM: Cowichan is best salmon bet, with FG and OG most spots from Salmon River to Sanidition Inlet.

STRIPED BASS: RHODE ISLAND: Fish are running big and plentiful off Charlestown, with school bass tapering off in Westerly and Point Judith areas; OG from bays, OF from beaches.

MASSACHUSETTS: Hurlacase Harel didn't lose Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard stripers, still showing well.

CALIFORNIA: Upper west side of San Pablo Bay is aizzling hot as shuff fishermen took 300-plus bass to 25 pounds off Redies last week.

OREGON: FG in Coos Bay and latmouth slough, with trolled jigs best bay lure, pilchard bait best for slough. School fish to 20 pounds giving top sport on large streamer flies.

effort unless the foxes were trapped off my land, the dens gassed, and fox hunts restored. To prove it, he took me into his barn. On the walls there were 47 fox pelts, red and gray. He had given several others to trout-fly tiers.

The breeder had trapped all those foxes in sets under the wire fences of his pheasant pens. "The fox is so crazy for pheasant meat," he said, "that he will do anything to get it. They're easy for him because they're blind as chickens at night and there's nothing in their instinct to guard them against foxes. That's because the foxes are no problem in Mongolia where the bird originated. It's this greed for pheasant that makes it easy to trap them."

He took me out to the breeding pens and showed me how he had run the meshed wire four feet down and had then turned it outward two or three feet. In digging under the wire the foxes encountered the turned-out part and gave up. They began digging at other places and there the traps were waiting for them.

#### NO BIRDS WITH FOXES

I bought no birds and will buy none until the countryside is trapped out. It will not be trapped by New York unless there is an outbreak of rabies among cattle and dogs and among the foxes too. The foxes will be taken then, but not as predators, only as a source of disease.

I contend that the fox and other predators keep the pheasants down.

The same contention may be successfully upheld in any game country. Nevertheless, there are so many federal and state game managers opposed to any control of predators, especially foxes, that the immense destruction of game goes on unchecked.

And yet, right now, I have a strong feeling that there will be a change for the better. The reason is this: In North Dakota, the professional game managers who have opposed predator control suffered a setback recently at the hands of a farmer, a practical conservationist. He is H. R. Morgan, who was appointed to the post of Game and Fish Commissioner in 1948.

At that time, the pheasant shooting in his state was excellent. I used to stop there once a year or so. Then shooting began to fall off. Game managers came up with reasons but they failed to answer the question in Morgan's mind: What was happening to pheasants in the nest?

He thrust the game biologists of earlier administrations to one side, called in a young biologist from Mon-

tana, and set him to work on a survey that proved beyond all question that the pheasants were being destroyed at the nests by egg-eating, bird-killing animals. While this evidence was being prepared, four of the leading game men resigned their state posts.

I considered this a major break in the organized resistance of game men against any form of predator control. And, judging by the number of telegrams and letters giving the news, my opinion was shared by lots of other conservationists. We all knew that in North Dakota, as in other states, a number of professionals had successfully propagated the false "balance of nature" theory—that wolves, foxes, raccoons and other predators, if left alone to live richly on game, would soon reach



such numbers that nature would reduce them by disease and famine.

The "balance" boys also assert that predators kill off only the weak animals and birds, the diseased and the aged. By constant expositions of this theory, they made much progress.

In a successful effort to back up their false contentions, the game managers in North Dakota, and especially in New York, had spent immense sums on surveys intended to show, for instance, that the stomachs of foxes did not contain evidence of birds eaten. They employed a system of analyzing the contents of droppings, too. This method of chemical analysis is supposed to prove that the fox lives chiefly on mice, as I have pointed out. In several instances, I found that the tests were of no value because the game biologists had failed to make sure that there were birds to be eaten. Even so, certain tests showed that the diet of foxes contained as much as a 25% bird element. No tests, on

foxes and other animals, could show the amount of eggs eaten.

It was the failure of this very principle of stomach analysis that started Commissioner Morgan on the right track when the North Dakota pheasants began to fail. When he came into office there were many game biologists in the state's employ. Among them were Roy Bach, Russell Stuart, Brandt V. Hjelte and Charles Hargrave. These were the men that had charge of the projects carried out jointly by the state and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. On approved projects, such as those I have mentioned, the federal agency contributes 75% of the cost, if the state can afford to pay the balance.

Among the North Dakota enterprises, there had been an analysis of stomach content of predators several years before Morgan became commissioner. It disclosed, as usual in all such tests, that game birds apparently comprised an extremely small part of the diet of predators. Morgan then discovered that most of the tested animals had been trapped in the wintertime when birds are less plentiful because of the shooting season. It seemed to him, as it does to most conservationists, that the tests should have been made in the nesting season or during the hunting season when both the mature birds and the season's hatch are available. He put the stomach tests aside on the ground that they had no value.

#### DIRECT TO THE NEST

Commissioner Morgan therefore carried his exploration directly to the nest. A group of other state biologists, including several newly hired technicians, planned the experiment. At the head of it was a new man, Robert J. Fischer, an upland-game biologist in the management division. A native of North Dakota, Fischer had been trained at the University of Montana. Upon graduation he was employed by the state of Montana, where he worked primarily in pheasant research. After his engagement by the North Dakota department, he was stationed at Bowman, where there is the finest pheasant cover on the continent: prairie grass, road ditches, cornfield, stubble, wood lots, fence rows, and so on. Robert Fischer had become thoroughly familiar with conditions in his territory, which had the essential requirement: a good record of nesting in earlier years.

The preparations for the long-delayed survey caused much interest. Sportsmen and conservationists were

GILLIGAN TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

TURN PAGE FOR UPLAND BIRD RECIPES

# MIXED BAG

Make it tender, not "gamy"

Far more serious crimes are committed every fall in the name of "game" cookery than occur against the hunting statutes. It is improperly prepared meat, cooked without imagination or understanding, that is responsible for that old dining-room cliché: "No, thanks. I never eat that because it tastes too gamy."

No game meat need be dry or tough. It does need careful handling, however, the same as good meat that comes from a butcher. Birds should be drawn soon after shooting (immediately, if badly gut-shot) and cooled. Then, after plucking, the game should season for a few days in the meat (not the freezer) compartment of a refrigerator.

For ten recipes that will provide a delicious change from the usual, see below.

by Harry Botsford



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR SINGER



## RUFFED GROUSE

### Tender Roast Grouse

Stuff with a wet mixture; under heat it will generate steam and tenderize this ordinarily dry bird.

The mixture is composed of equal parts of chopped crisp cabbage and diced onion. Chop together, beat with a wooden spoon, add salt, plenty of freshly ground pepper, two beaten eggs, enough evaporated milk to make the mixture very wet. Stuff the orifices loosely; truss the birds firmly, rub exterior with salt, butter and flour. Pin bacon strips across the body. Roast until browned in a 350° oven, breast down, then turn breast up. Baste with a mixture of hot white wine and butter. Continue to roast, uncovered, until well done. Remove bacon when nearly done.

Remove trussing, place birds on a large hot platter garnished with speed

pears. Let there be a festive spray of parsley on each bird, tucked under a wing.

### Broiled Grouse Breasts

This one originated with Particular Parsons of Heart's Content Club in Pennsylvania, a game cook of repute.

With a sharp knife, cut down along the backbone and remove the meat. Season with salt, pepper, a modest freckle of nutmeg, place in a well-buttered broiler, broil for 8-10 minutes, turning frequently, basting with butter and lemon juice. Serve with tarragon sauce poured over the pieces. Make this sauce with these ingredients:

- 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons hot water
- 1½ tablespoons butter
- 1 beaten egg yolk
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 2 drops Tabasco sauce

Blend vinegar, lemon juice and water. Melt butter in a double boiler, stir in the egg yolk, well beaten, beat until creamy, add salt and Tabasco, then the Equids. Stir until sauce is smooth and slightly thick.

With the grouse, you may serve small boiled potatoes, tossed in butter and diced chives; a green vegetable; a crisp watercress salad in French dressing; and hot corn muffins fresh from the oven. A good red Burgundy adds to the festive occasion.

### Grouse in Sour Cream

Cut two birds into serving pieces. Dredge with seasoned flour. Sauté in large skillet with quarter cup of butter. Use moderate heat. When golden, lower heat, turn until tender, then remove.

To the pan where the grouse cooked, over low heat add slowly two cups of warm sour cream. Stir with a spoon, scrape up the browned particles that cling to the bottom and sides of the pan. Let the sauce thicken a little, bubbling with heat. Pour over the grouse and serve.



## RINGNECK PHEASANT

### Roast Pheasant, Music Mountain

Our chef in a hunting lodge at Music Mountain in Pennsylvania prepared this dish for us and I have yet to eat better birds. The following ingredients will

make a dish well worthy of setting before four hungry hunters.

### 3 pheasants and their livers

½ lb. chicken livers

6 tablespoons butter

1 bay leaf

pinch of thyme

2 tablespoons evaporated milk

3 dried shallots

3 tablespoons chopped parsley

1 cup game stock

or diluted consommé

2 tablespoons bread crumbs fried  
crisply in butter

Cook livers 3-4 minutes in the butter with seasonings. Discard bay leaf, force mixture through coarse sieve, bind with the milk. Partially fill orifices of the birds with the mixture, truss and place side by side in a casserole, adding game stock or consommé. About 40 minutes in a 375° oven, covered, will give you tender birds. Split them, arrange on a hot platter, put some of the stuffing in each half, and sprinkle with juice of lemon.

Reduce stock to about half a cup, pour over the pheasant halves. Sauté the bread crumbs in butter until golden, sprinkle over the pheasants. Serve with a garnish of alternate slices of lemon and orange. Try to use small, young birds, if possible.

### Pheasant with Smoked Sausages

This is a favorite hunting-cabin recipe, but it's equally good when prepared in your kitchen. Split young birds, rub with seasoned flour, sauté until brown in a little diced onion and butter. Place skin side up in a casserole, surround with country-smoked sausages, half cup of chopped carrots and onions, one tablespoon chopped parsley, a pint of dry white wine. Cover and consign to a 325° oven until meat is tender. Remove birds to a hot platter, surround with the sausages. Reduce pan juices about one-half, add a quarter glass of tart jelly—and pour over the birds.

### Pheasant Salmi

If your family is kind and you discover some oddments of roast pheasant in the refrigerator, you are in luck. You have the makings of a glorious dish in the legs, second joints and possibly some breast slices from a brace of birds.

Put just a little butter in a pan with the meat, leave it on just enough heat to keep the meat warm. In a deep frying pan, sauté one dried onion in two tablespoons olive oil, brown slightly, add one dried shallot, one smashed clove garlic, one and a half tablespoons of flour. Blend and cook over moderate fire.

Add slowly, under vigorous stirring,

two-thirds cup of claret. Let the sauce thicken and add one cup canned tomatoes cut into small pieces, a half teaspoon salt, a generous sprinkle of freshly ground pepper, a fagot of two stalks celery, six sprigs parsley, half small bay leaf.

Remove meat from the bones, cut into bite size and return to the pan. Add bones and skin to the sauce and simmer for one hour, strain and pour over the pieces of meat while very hot. Top with broiled mushrooms and serve with wild rice.



### WOODCOCK

#### Broiled Woodcock Breasts

Of all game birds, the flesh of the woodcock is held in greatest esteem by epicures. Use only breasts for broiling. Brush with olive oil and let stand while a sauce is prepared. Stew what is left of the birds in a little water, after the breasts are removed, with a herb fagot, two diced onions and a pinch of thyme. Strain the sauce, add one jigger of brandy, one cup coffee cream, one tablespoon tart jelly. Thicken with a little flour, season generously. Broil the breasts quickly, basting with olive oil. When tender, place breasts on a warm platter, cover with sauce, garnish with a spray of parsley, serve very hot.

Make the repast simple: a green vegetable, a garden salad, toasted fingers of whole-wheat bread, a sound Burgundy at room temperature. Enjoy this superlative meat at your leisure.

#### Woodcock in Chafing Dish

This is a dish which will delight both the eye and the palate. Brown the breasts in a chafing dish directly over the fire, in plenty of butter and one finely dried shallot. Turn frequently until done. Blaze one large jigger of brandy over the breasts, then spoon breasts onto warm serving plates. Brew a sauce in the chafing dish by adding butter, a glass of tart jelly, a double jigger of port wine. When it bubbles, season, pour over each breast and serve.



### BOBWHITE QUAIL

#### Quail Tamales

Pasqual was our cook when quail hunting in the Texas Panhandle. He prepared this for us on a day when a cold, penetrating wind made life uncomfortable. He had, he explained, prepared a special supper dish for us. "See warm you up like a lovely, bad woman," he chuckled. Pasqual had no morals but was a good cook.

He boiled two cups corn meal in three pints of salted water, stirring for 30 minutes, a task he delegated to his wife. He cut one pound of round steak into tiny cubes, performed the same service to one and a half pounds cooked quail, browned both in hot olive oil with one onion and one clove of garlic. Then he added one can of tomatoes, one tablespoon chili powder, salt and pepper, and stirred these ingredients into the hot mush.

The mixture was poured into an iron pot, which then went into a hot oven, covered, for 30 minutes. When ready to serve, the top of the dish was brushed with melted butter. The genial warmth of the chili powder added a glow. It lived up to Pasqual's description of an ideal supper for hungry hunters.

#### Quail and Juniper Berries

Wrap half a dozen quail in thin slices of salt pork, hold in place with toothpicks. Fry until browned on all sides. Place in a Dutch oven two tablespoons butter, 12 crushed juniper berries and one cup boiling water. Add the quail, cover and simmer gently, a lid more hot water if necessary, until birds are tender. Lift birds to a deep warm platter with a strainer spoon, salt and pepper lightly. Pour one pint of thick sour cream into the Dutch oven, over low heat, and add half a jigger of gin. Simmer and stir frequently for 30 minutes. Season to taste. Serve one bird per guest, perching each on an oversized hot biscuit, broken apart.

convinced that they were about to get an accurate answer to their questions. And, of course, since Morgan's appointment had been a normal political matter—a competent man for an important post—he was criticized as a politician who opposed, for political reasons, the theories of Bach, Stuart, Hjelte and Hargrave. The commissioner and Bach had had more than one lively dispute, especially on federal projects that had to gain the Commissioner's approval before submission to the Fish and Wildlife Service. Bach was the coordinator of such projects. Stuart was the chief biologist. They had joined the department in 1940. In that year Hjelte had taken charge of waterfowl work. Hargrave was the biologist in charge of fur-bearing animals.

While these officials looked on, the project was planned by Fischer, acting directly under orders of the commissioner. A number of sportsmen, farmers and high school children were enlisted for the work. An area of four square miles, northeast of the town of Scranton, was chosen for the observation. It was announced that, at the beginning of the egg-laying season, the nests would be charted and that daily observations of the hens would begin.

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY ACTION

In March, when much of the paperwork was completed, an extraordinary action took place, one that is not matched in the long record of professional conservationists. Bach and Stuart resigned the posts they had held for 13 years. Bach declared: "I can no longer work under the present situation and under the present commissioner, for whom I have neither personal nor professional respect." Stuart said, "The commissioner is more interested in preserving his own position than he is in the management of North Dakota game resources." The commissioner said: "They refused to accept certain policy changes."

A little later Hargrave and Hjelte resigned. The latter's comments on the nesting survey, when it was completed, are most illuminating and will be set down here as soon as the other amazing result of the survey is described. I say "other" because I believe the resignations were the first result of the revelations bound to follow the survey.

Meanwhile, Robert Fischer and his helpers had marked out 123 pheasant nests. As soon as the eggs were laid, each nest was kept under discreet observation. In most cases each nest was watched for a while every day, and the presence of the hen was reported.

The number of nests in such a small area bears out another observation by Mr. Morgan, which was printed with the survey: "... that farming conditions have resulted in the crowding of nesting birds, thus making it more possible for predators to locate nests."

The predators had no difficulties. They destroyed 81 out of the 123 nests. Skunks, squirrels, badgers, foxes, weasels and cats drove the hens off the nests and ate the eggs. The total of destroyed nests would have been higher had not a late snow and heavy rains forced the hens to abandon 24 nests. Farming operations destroyed 12 more. Three hens were still on nests when the observations were closed for the obvious reason: it was hopeless.

#### THREE OUT OF 123

Out of the 123 nests under observation, only three clutches were hatched. If each of those three nests produced seven chicks, the total of 21 was all that North Dakota got, out of a possible 800 or even 1,000. It seems to me that the rate of survival among the chicks must have been low. The massive attack on the nests would have been followed by an equally destructive stalking of the young birds, to say nothing of the parent birds, by some of the same predators.

Well, there's the North Dakota story. It shows that Commissioner Morgan has proof of three facts: 1) that the effect of predators on pheasants had been minimized by game technicians, 2) that the protection of the birds must start at the nest, 3) that enormous sums are being wasted in many projects and on the cruel and useless stocking of young birds in untrapped lands.

In North Dakota the first major result of the survey was an order by Commissioner Morgan to establish a vigorous campaign against all predators. He set up realistic programs to strengthen the breed of North Dakota's pheasants, a necessary advance because there are many gradations in the pheasants imported into North America, and many puzzles about proper altitudes of cover and proper soil content for their flocks. He also started a campaign to improve cover for the birds.

#### ON THE WAY TO BETTER HUNTING

We see now that North Dakota is on its way to better pheasant hunting. By trapping and shooting the predators it will reduce their numbers to the low mark that prevailed when the animals were kept down by private hunters and trappers, seeking profits on pelts. The first benefits will show up in the figures on the 1954 season. By the following shooting season, there should be an even greater production of birds, an increase that will be directly traced to the decrease in predators.

I believe—and strongly hope—that the North Dakota survey will have another important effect. Throughout the U.S. and in Canada the survey has encouraged conservationists and government technicians to hope that they now stand a better chance in urging the control of predators. Among them were technicians who had carried out projects like Fischer's, and with the same results, but their voices were drowned in the chorus of the "balance-of-nature" boys, who just keep on saying that it's good for the pheasant to have its eggs swallowed and, in time, to be swallowed itself by a fox.





**YESTERDAY**

## **GALLOPING GHOST**

**Red Grange hit Pennsylvania like a tornado,  
silencing those Eastern skeptics for all time**

**H**AROLD (Red) GRANGE was having a poor year in 1925 when, on October 31, as captain and quarterback of Illinois he came East to play unbeaten Penn, conquerors of Brown, Yale and Chicago. The rangy, 180-pound redhead had been named All-America the two previous years by Walter Camp, but there was grave doubt he would make it the third time.

Illinois' dismal start in 1925 had included beatings by Nebraska, Iowa and Michigan, and the much advertised Grange had been held to a single touchdown in all three games. What about this Grange, the East was asking, described by breathless sportswriters as the Galloping Ghost, the Flying Terror, the Illinois Cyclone? Grantland Rice wrote: "Grange runs as Nurmi runs and Dempsey moves, with almost no effort, as a shadow flits and drifts and darts." Could anybody be that good?

The East didn't think so. The Quakers, despite the loss of Al Kreuz, their plunging back and great defense man, were heavily favored over the Illini. Penn's chances looked better than ever the day of the game when the teams trotted out on Franklin Field before 65,000 people, for it had been raining hard and the field was a slippery quagmire, made to order for stopping Grange.

But it did not take him long to get going that day. Before the game was five minutes old Red eased through the right side of the line, knifed through the secondary defense and went 55 yards for a touchdown without a hand touching him. Dumbfounded at his speed—there was not a man within 25 yards of him when he crossed the goal line—the crowd rose and gave him a tremendous ovation.

That was only the beginning. Minutes later Red caught a Penn kickoff deep in his own territory and went downfield whirling, dodging and shedding tacklers like falling leaves for another 55 yards before he was laid low. A few more plays and the soggy ball was carried over by Fullback Carl Britton for Illinois' second touchdown.

"There goes the Redhead!" became an incessant chant all through the game as the Illinois wizard

**RED'S OWN NUMBER, 77,** was given him in his freshman year, adorned his jersey all through his college games and was retired in glory in the Illinois gym.

**YESTERDAY** *continued*



**FRANKLIN FIELD** (above) was a rain-soaked mud trap for feet-footed Grange, but he nonetheless had one of his top days.

rose to new heights. He ran the slippery field as if it were a cinder track and shredded the Penn line. He made three touchdowns and was largely responsible for the fourth. In 36 tries Grange made 363 yards, twice going for 60 yards and he beat Penn almost singlehandedly, 24-2. When it was all over Penn's massed supporters rose and acclaimed him with hearty cheers. Neither they nor anyone in the East had seen anything like him before.

In the press box George Trevor, a hardy sportswriter, was so overwhelmed by the great performance that he could not write a line until an hour after the final whistle. Then he wrote: "Grange is a composite moving picture of the great backs we have seen in the past, with an added something that sets him in a class apart . . . He has the knack of shortening or lengthening his stride instantaneously; he has the speed to outspurt the fastest defensive back, the guile to side-step the adroitest tackler, the strength to straight-arm the most powerful adversary. Grange, in truth, has everything." Those who saw Red in action that day agreed with Trevor, and so did Grantland Rice, taking over from Walter Camp, who named him All-America for the third straight year.

**LUGGING ICE TO GET IN FOOTBALL TRIM GOT RED THE NAME OF THE WHEATON ICEMAN, ONE OF MANY GIVEN HIM BY ADMIRERS**





## NEVER AGAIN

Sirs:

In regard to SL's Sept. 27th article under the title of *19 Wind* you mentioned the "Mohawk," owned by Kenneth Magoon, being driven onto the rocks in Marblehead Harbor during the hurricane Carol. You mentioned oldtimers as saying, "Never say the 'Mohawk' will never sail again," meaning that she has been driven against the rocks in a number of storms before but has always been back in the water come the following spring. I'm afraid she will never return to the waters of Marblehead, where she was burned to ashes, after being declared as a total loss, September 21.

Now, only ashes and memories remain left of the hetch "Mohawk."

R. C. MARCY JR.

Marblehead, Mass.



"MOHAWK" BATTERED BY HURRICANE CAROL

## AH, SWEET MEMORIES

Sirs:

Since the "doctors" in the *TIME-LIFE* FORTUNE Clinic of Accomplishment so successfully "delivered" SL on 16 August, I have been a proud baby-sitter beside the beautiful bassinet of this bouncing Broodingagian. But I never expected it to serve me as a Bureau of Missing Persons until, in Jimmy Jemall's *HOTBOX* (SL, Sept. 27: "Does the horse player die broke?"), I came upon the smiling countenance of my old and esteemed prep-school (Exeter) friend, Robert G. Johnson . . . who certainly appears more affluent than destitute as a "Chicago, Ill. Race Track Owner." For over 30 years I have wondered what ever became of that prominent intercollegiate & intercollegiate pole vaulter. (That's a fact! Look up your sports' archives around the era of 1916-1921.) As a matter of amusing record, it's just about 32 years ago this month—while I was engaged, a bit too ardently, in another form of sport

(elbow lifting!) in the Ritz bar in Paris—I saw Bob Johnson. He was then in the perfume business, with offices on the Rue de la Paix. Ah, sweet memories of life . . . revived in the autumn of same! Thanks to SL! Nostalgia is a balm in Gilead for sense decay!

"JACK" MORGAN

Beverly Hills

## WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

Sirs:

I am enclosing herewith a copy of a letter received this morning, in answer to our appeal which you so kindly published in 19TH HOLE (SL, Sept. 27).

I have reason to believe that New York too had its "Well, Well Frank." Now that I have a clue, I can proceed further with my research, and will let you know the outcome.

We are deeply indebted to you for your help. With reiterated thanks and all good wishes,

GRACE M. MAYER

New York

Dear Miss Mayer:

In the old days of the famous Tinker to Evers to Chance infield combination on the Old West Side of Chicago, a lawyer—by the name of Frank Childs—sat in about the same place, just off first base, each day. Then the grandstand, on the right side, extended up to first base, and the Cubs had their dugout there. Whenever the Cubs made a misplay of any kind, he would bowl in a foghorn voice: "Well, well, well, what do you think of that!"

Since this went on day in and day out, Childs became well known for this saying of his. It always brought great laughter from the fans. Charles W. Murphy, then director of the Cubs, tried to ban that man from the ball park, on the grounds that Childs was simply trying to publicize himself. I think the case went to, or was attempted to be taken to, court. Whatever happened I never bothered to notice.

I believe this to be the answer to your inquiry in the Sept. 27th issue of SL.

AN OLD WEST SIDE FAN

Savannah

## BLUE PLATE SPECIAL

Sirs:

SL's Sept. 27 picture of Heavyweight Champion Marciano's Massachusetts license plate (KO) brought to mind a similarly eloquent New York plate.

Brigadier General John Reed Kilpatrick, president of the Madison Square Garden Corporation, has had for years the license plate, Y 1911. This tells the world that the general is Yale, class of '11. He is as devoted to Yale and her football fortunes as he is to the sports teams and activities he directs as head of the Garden.

STAN SAPLIN

New York



KILPATRICK POINTS WITH PRIDE

● During his 65 years, Kilpatrick has excelled at almost as many sports as he schedules yearly in Manhattan's Garden. At Andover, Mass., Kilpatrick headed the boxing team as heavyweight champ; a Yale "immortal" (All-American guard in '69 and '10) he also captained the track team, found time to graduate Phi Beta Kappa. —ED.

## CAROL VS. "WHITE LIE"

Sirs:

We were very much interested in the cover of SL, Sept. 6. We have a 38-foot Alden schooner in Chicago. We have driven 85 miles each way since 1935 to work on and

## THE HUNTER



continued

sail our boat. Two girls and a boy have grown up in this period.

Will you kindly explain the reef points shown, and the nearly vertical line from the book down to where? We sincerely hope that "White Lie" was not wrecked by that hurricane.

RAY A. BROWN

Rockford, Ill.

● "White Lie's" owner Gilbert Wolfe reports that his boat was squarely caught by hurricane Carol, suffered a broken rudder and propeller and a twisted deck. "However," adds Wolfe optimistically, "we'll have her on the water next season."

Reef points shown on SI's cover are roach reef, used to flatten sail when heading into heavy wind. "Vertical line" is back stay running to deck near rail.—ED.

#### GANGSTEROUS GOULE

Sirs:

I am viewing with anxiety the article titled *Groove Show* lodged in your Sept. 27 issue. It resembles a pictorial whodunit from the annals of Scotland Yard. Does John Horn, noted American Nimrod, blast one Señor Luis de Soto Ybarra on page 48? In the manner he carries his double this looks like another Macomber Affair. John Wright, keeper of the game, is apprehen-



SUSPECT HORN WITH WEAPON

sively trailing the nonplussed four-placed American and Spaniard, with a canny eye on John's gun. On the next page the Horns and a Mrs. Hanes manage a grim smile. At \$300 per week it is well understood why

popularity does not flame high. All in all it was an interesting article. Next time I tramp through the Highland Moors, I will wear English tweeds and an American bulletproof vest.

VINCENT ZIVELONIGH

Lywood, Calif.

● Horn and friends were returning from day's shoot with guns emptied of shells.—ED.

#### I ASSURE YOU

Sirs:

Although having never seen the Ford Thunderbird, I can assure you that the Thunderbird does not have a Hydramatic transmission as you state in the October 4th issue of SI. This was surely a reference to the Ford-O-Matic, but since you are reporting on a semitechnical subject you should keep your nomenclature in good form.

Your statement of the stroke of the Thunderbird's 292 cubic inch motor is in error. Ford would certainly not be able to boast of an "oversquare" engine if the stroke is 4.37 inches as you twice state. With a bore/stroke of 3.75/4.37 inches the ratio would be 1/.899. The motor you described would have about 385 cubic inches, and would be larger than any other American production powerplant for passenger cars. . .

DANIEL L. BISS

Carrollton, Ohio

● SI's Bentley used hydramatic (lowercase "h") to describe a transmission system in which the gear box is coupled with a torque converter. He may have been a bit previous in making it a generic term. Ford-O-Matic was used in SI's specification table. The Thunderbird's correct stroke is 3.31 inches. Thus the Thunderbird does have an "oversquare" engine.—ED.

#### THE OPEN ROAD

Sirs:

At the risk of incurring much wrath and cries of "damned expatriate," "turncoat," etc., I want to request that in the future your unquestionably magnificent magazine make the following distinction. In the realm of sports car and open road racing, please do not mislead the public by speaking of European and American efforts in this field as if they were the same thing. To speak in this manner is being about as realistic and fair-minded as you would consider

me if I were to speak of Muny baseball as if it was on the same quality level as big league ball.



1954 PAN AMERICAN

European road racing is a wonderful sport, open to all classes of vehicles and drivers. Spectator-wise it attracts millions of people, most of whom have never even owned an automobile but who can on sight identify a Le Mans Porsche, Lancia Aurelia, Gmra, Dyna-Panhard, Aston-Martin, Ferrari, Jaguar, Austin-Healey, B.M.W., Mercedes and many others, plus every stock touring car in Europe. In Europe, with the exception of only four or five major races, road racing is truly a sport, involving acceptance of open road conditions. American "sports" who do 90% of their speed driving over courses closed to all other vehicles would either become fervent backers of European road racing once they tried it or else take up another sport.

The sports car is not designed or built with the idea of accelerator down, clear sailing ahead. It is a mechanical jewel of fine steering, powerful braking, fantastic pick-up and great road-holding ability. The much-popularized "airport races," no matter how well laid out, are a deplorable development in the eyes of all true road racing enthusiasts.

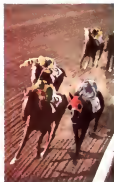
If you desire to be fair to road racing enthusiasts, have someone cover any one of a hundred European races. It does not matter what one you cover because any one of them would make the best in the U.S.A. seem colorless and dull.

TOMMY BAIRD

c/o Postmaster, N.Y.

● Baird will find in road races like annual Pan American (see end) "open-road conditions" far from dull and colorless.—ED.





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